

THE (4)
MUSES THRENODIE,
OR,
Mirthfull Mournings, on the death
of Master Gall.

*Containing varietie of pleasant Poëticall
descriptions, morall instructions, historicall narra-
tions, and divine observations, with the
most remarkable antiquities of Scot-
land, especially at Perth.*

By M^r. H. ADAMSON.

Horat. in Arte.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.



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by George Anderson. 1638.

1871

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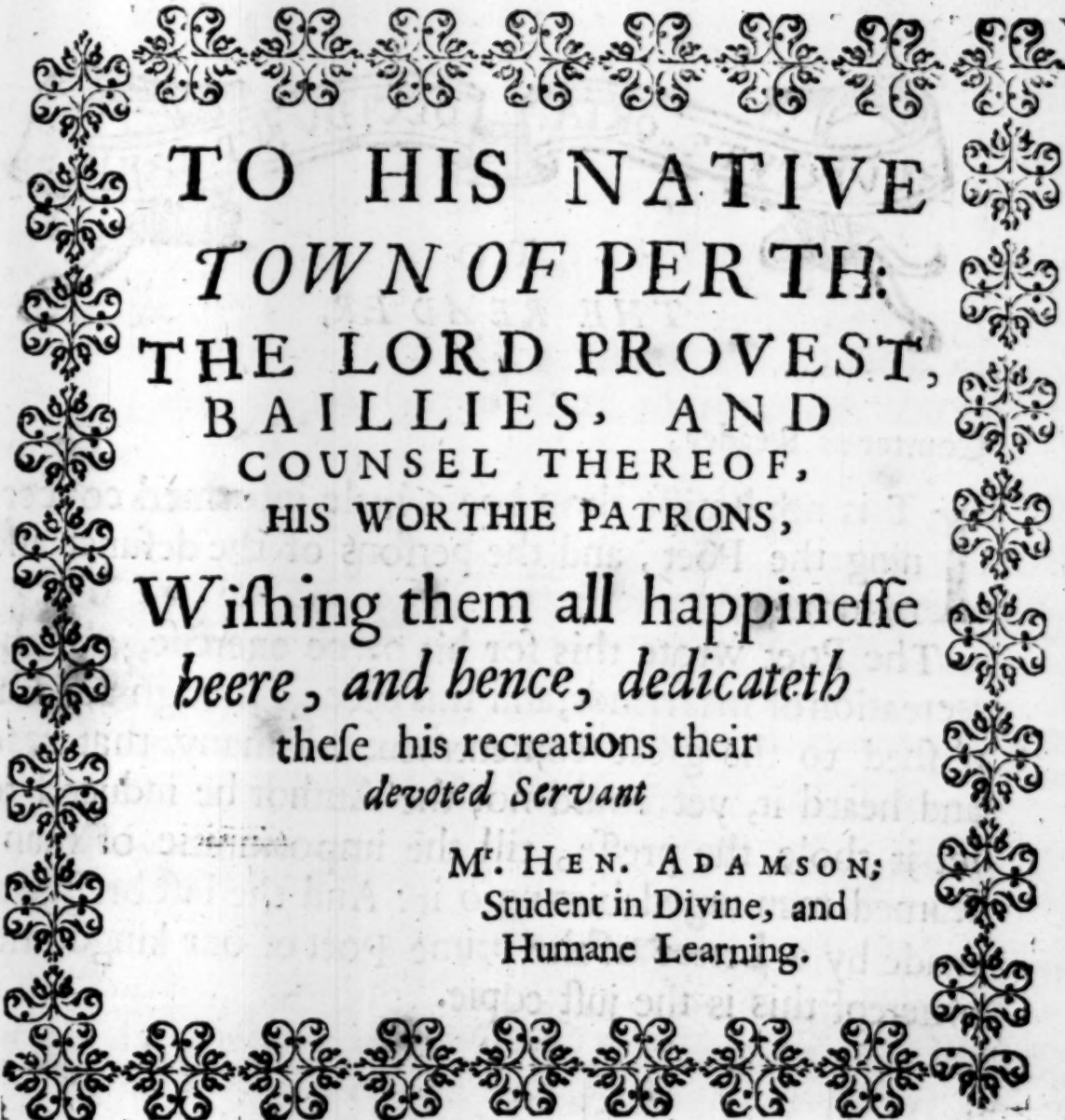
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A decorative border of repeating floral motifs, resembling stylized leaves or flowers, frames the central text on all four sides.

TO HIS NATIVE
TOWN OF PERTH:
THE LORD PROVEST,
BAILLIES, AND
COUNSEL THEREOF,
HIS WORTHIE PATRONS,

Wishing them all happinesse
beere, and hence, dedicateth
these his recreations their
devoted Servant

M^r. HEN. ADAMSON;
Student in Divine, and
Humane Learning.



Courteous Reader,

IT is not amisse thou bee a little informed concerning the Poet, and the persons of the defunct and mourner.

The Poet wrote this for his owne exercise, and the recreation of his friends; and this peece, although accomplished to the great contentment of many that read and heard it, yet could not the Author be induced to let it thole the presse, till the importunitie of many learned men urged him unto it: And the last brash was made by a Letter of the prime Poet of our kingdome, whereof this is the just copie.

TO

To my worthie Friend,

M^r. HEN. ADAMSON.

Sir,



These papers of your mournings on Master Gall appeare unto me as Alcibiadis Sileni, which ridiculously look, with the faces of Sphinges, Chimeraes, Centaures on their outsides, but inwardlie containe rare artifice, and rich jewels of al sorts, for the delight and well of Man. They may deservedlie beare the word, Non in-tus ut extra. Your two Champions, noble Zannies, discover to us many of the Antiquities of this Countrey more of your auncient towne of Perth, setting downe her situation, founders, her hudge colosse, or bridge, walls, fousies, aqueducts, fortifications, temples, monasteries, and many other singularities. Happie hath Perth beene in such a Citizen: not so other townes of this kingdome, by want of so diligent a searcher and pr. server of their fame from oblivion. Some Muses neither to themselves, nor to others do good; nor delighting, nor instructing, yours performe both: And longer to conceale them, will be to wrong your Perth of her due honours, who deserveth no lesse of you than that she should be thus blazoned, and registrate to posteritie. to defraud your selfe of a monument; which after you have left this transi orie world shall keepe your name and memorie to after times. This shall bee preserv'd by the Towne of Perth for her owne sake first, and after for yours. For to her it hath beene no little glory that she hath brought forth, such a citizen, so eminent in love to her, and so dear to the Muses. Edinburgh, Julij 12. 1637.

W. D.

A Nent the defunct, his name was *M. James Gall*, a Citizen of *Perth*, and a Gentle-man of a goodly stature, and pregnant wit, much given to pastime, as golf, archerie, curling, and Joviall companie. A man verie kinde to his friends, and a prettie poet in liberall merriments, and tart satyres; no lesse acquaint with *Philænus*, and the *Acidalian* Dame, than with the Muses.

For the mourner, he yet lives and mournes: and seeing he is of purpose to set forth the webbe of his life, which is verie long, now almost an hundred elnes, counting an elne for a year, it is needlesse to speak of him here, all know him (that know him) to be a good man, and hath beene occasion of mirth to many, to none of mourning, as *M. Gall* by his immature death hath beene to him. It seemeth sufficient, untill the time he himself set out the historie of himself, to set down hereth inventar of the ornaments of his Cabin, which, by a *Catachrestick* name, he usually calleth *Gabions*.

This Inventarie we have in a torn, and worn copie, and in respect there are some lines in it we can not read, pray thee, gentle Reader, be content of that, that is to the fore, till we can obtaine from *M. George* the whole piece, which was alleaged to be written by *M. Gall*, although, in veritie, the Author of this book did write it, and as I think, not without *M. George* his owne advice, and for his friends recreation.

THE



The Inventarie of the *Gabions*, in M. George *his* Cabinet.

OF uncouth formes, and wondrous shapes,
Like Peacocks, and like *Indian* apes,
Like Leopards, and beasts spotted,
Of clubs curiously knoted,
Of wondrous workmanships, and rare,
Like Eagles flying in the air,
Like Centaurs, Maremaids in the Seas,
Like Dolphins, and like honie bees,
Some carv'd in timber, some in stone,
Of the wonder of *Albion*;
Which this close cabine doth include ;
Some portends ill, some presige good :
What sprite *Dædalian* hath forth brought them,
Yee Gods assist, I thinke, yee wrought them,
Your influences did conspire
This comelie cabine to attire
Neptune gave first his awfull trident,
And *Pan* the hornes gave of a bident,
Triton his trumpet of a buckie,
Propin'd to him, was large and luckie :
Mars gave the glistring sword and dagger,
Wherewith some time he went to swagger,
Cyclopean armour of *Achilles*,
Fair *Venus* purtrayed by *Apelles*.

The

The valiant Hectors weightie spear,
Wherewith he fought the *Trojan* war,
The fatall sword and seven fold shield
Of *Ajax*, who could never yeeld:
Yea more the great *Herculean* club
Brusde *Hydra* in the *Lernè* dub.

Hote *Vulcan* with his crooked heele
Bestow'd on him a tempred steele,
Cyclopes were the brethren Allans,
Who swore they swet more then ten gallons
In framing it upon their forge,
And tempring it for *Master George*:
But *Æsculapius* taught the lesson
How he should us'd in goodly fashon,
And bad extinguisht in his ale,
When that he thought it pure and stale,
With a pugill of polypodium:
And *Ceres* brought a manufodium:
And will'd him tost it at his fire
And of such bread never to tyre;
Then *Podalirius* did conclude
That for his melt was soverainge good.

Gold hair'd *Apollo* did bestow
His mightie-sounding silver bow,
With musick instruments great store,
His harp, his cithar, and mandore,
His peircing arrowes and his quiver:
But *Cupid* shot him through the liver
And set him all up in à flame,
To follow à Peneian Dame:
(But being once repudiat
Did lurk within this Cabinet,
And there with many a sigh and groane,
Fierce *Cupids* wrong he did bemoane,

But

But this deep passion to reber
Venus bestow'd her Amulet,
The fire flame for to beare downe,
Cold lactuce and pupuleum;
And thenceforth will'd the poplar tree
To him should consecrated be.

With twentie thousand pretious things,
Mercurius gave his staffe and wings:
And more this Cabine to decore,
Of curious staffs he gave fourescore;
Of clubs and cudgels contortized:
Some plaine worke, others crispe aud frized,
Like Satyrs, dragons, flying fowles,
Like fishes, serpents, cats, and owles,
Like winged-horses, strange Chimæraes,
Like Unicorns and fierce Pantheraes,
So livelike that a man would doubt,
If art or nature brought them out.

The monstrous branched great hart-horne,
Which on *Acteon's* front was borne:
On which doth hing his velvet knapsca.
A scimitare cut like an hawksaw,
Great bukies, partans, toes of lapstares,
Oster shells, ensignes for tapsters,
Gadie beeds and crystall glassses,
Stones, and ornaments for lasses,
Garlands made of summer flowres,
Propin'd him by his paramours,
With many other pretious thing,
Which all upon its branches hing:
So that it doth excell but scorne
The wealthie *Amalthean* horne.

This Cabine containes what you wish,
No place his ornaments doth misse,

*

For

For there is such varietie,
Looking breeds no facietie.
In one nooke stands Loquahabrian axes,
And in another nooke the glaxe is.
Heere lyes a book they call the demnet,
There lyes the head of old *Brown Kennet*,
Here lyes a turkaffe, and a hammer,
There lyes a Greek and Latine Grammer,
Heere hings an auncient mantua bannet,
There hings a Robin and a Iannet,
Upon a cord that's strangular
A buffet stoole sexangular:
A foole muting in his owne hand;
Soft, soft my Muse, sound not this sand,
What ever matter come athorter,
Touch not I pray the iron mortar.
His cougs, his dishes, and his caps,
A Totum, and some bairnes taps;
A gadareilie, and a whistle,
A trumpe, an Abercome muffell,
His hats, his hoods, his bels, his bones,
His allay bowles, and curling stones,
The sacred games to celebrat,
Which to the Gods are consecrat.

And more, this cabine to adorne,
Diana gave her hunting horne,
And that there should be no defect,
God *Momus* gift did not inlake:
Only * * * was to blame,
Who would bestow nothing for shame;
This Cabine was so cram'd with store
She could not enter at the doore.

This prettie want for to supplie
A privie parlour stands neere by.

In

In which there is in order plac't
Phæbus with the nine *Muses* grac't,
In compasse, sitting like a crown.
This is the place of great renown:
Heere all good learning is inschrynd,
And' all grave wisdome is confin'd,
Clio with stories ancient times,
Melpomené with Tragick lines,
Wanton *Tbalia's* comedies,
Euterpe's sweetest harmonies,
Terpsichore's heart-moving cithar,
Lovely *Erato's* numbring meeter,
Caliope's heroick songs,
Vranias heavenly motions;
Polymnia in various musick
Paints all with flowres of Rhetorick.
Amidst sits *Phæbus* laureat,
Crown'd with the whole *Pierian State*.
Here's *Galene* and *Hippocrates*,
Divine *Plato* and *Socrates*,
Th' *Arabian* skill and excellence,
The *Greek* and *Romane* eloquence,
With manie worthie worke and storie
Within this place inaccessible.

These models, in this Cabine plac'd,
Are with the world's whole wonders' grac'd:
What curious art or nature framd,
What monster hath beene taught or tamd,
What *Polycletus* in his time,
What *Archimedes* rich ingine,
Who taught the Art of menadrie
The *Syracusen* synedrie.
What Gods or mortals did forth bring
It in this cabinet doth hing,

Whose famous relicts are all flowr'd,
And all with precious pouldar stowr'd:
And richly deckt with curious hingers,
Wrought by *Arachne's* nimble fingers.

This is his store-house and his treasure,
This is his Paradise of pleasure,
This is the Arcenall of Gods,
Of all the world this is the oddes:
This is the place *Apollo* chuses,
This is the residence of Muses:
And to conclude all this in one,
This is the *Romaine Pantheon*.

An apologie of the Author,
done as by the Mourner, to
the Lovers of Learning.

LET none offend, though in mine age I sing
Swan-like, some lawfull joyes your head did bring:
My songs are mournings, which may clearly shew
Th'inconstant course of all things here below:

Yet guided by that steadfast hand alwayes
Which, midst confusions great, the ballance staves:

Thus *Heraclitus*-like sometimes I mourne

At giddie Fortunes reelings: thence I turne

Like to *Democritus* in laughter wholly

To see th'inconstant changes of her folly.

Thus do I mourne, and laugh oftimes, by course,

As giddie Fortune reeles from good to worse:

Eccles. 9. 12.

For neither is the battell to the strong,

Nor doth unto the swift the race belong,

Nor bread to these whose wit should have commanding,

Nor riches to the men of understanding:

Nor

Nor favour doth to men of knowledge fall,
But chance (as would appear) doth order all.
So, if the second causes we do view,
We shall finde out a paradoxe most true.

But O thou prime and supreme cause of all,
Nothing to thee by fortune doth befall,
For Thou, in midst of all these great confusions
Foresee, and workes most permanent conclusions,
Keeping most comely order in varieties,
And making concord in all contrarieties.
Hence doth it come to passe of thy benignitie,
That wicked men possesse both wealth and dignitie.

Eccles. 3. 23

But, as its written, riches are preserv'd,
And for the evill of th'owners are reserv'd:
And as a mightie load the bearers smotheres,
So some to their owne hurt rule over others,
Not looking to th'account they must needs make,
Nor bow their smiling fortune may turn back,
Whose honour like the sea doth ebbe and flow,
Whose beautie hath the time to fade and grow,
Whose riches, like the Eagle, hath their wings,
Now lighting down on earth, to Heaven then springs.
The body's Summer rose is quickly gone,
By winters stormie age all overblowne,
To shew earths constant changes; and that all
Which here on earth do spring must likewise fall.
Tbrise happie he that state who quickly findes,
Which is not shaken with earths contrare windes!

Eccles. 8. 9.

Prover. 23. 5.

Hence Solitarie and poore content I live,
Sith bitter hap blind fortune doth not give:
And, like Diogenes, contemplate all,
Within my Cabine, that here doth befall:
Which gives me subject both to sing and mourne,
The times ov'rapst, which never shall retorne.

I praise

I praise the Worthie deedes of Martiall men,
And I do wish the whole World might them ken:
I praise their vertues: No, their Vertuous deeds
Do praise themselves, and as most lively seeds
Beget like children: so commemoration
Begets them native sons by imitation.
Native! more native than by blood descended,
Who with their fame their fortunes have mispend.
For what availes to point a noble race
By long descent of branches, if in face
Like vertue doth not shine, and equall worth
Ignoble deeds belie a noble birth;
Maugre all contrare thoughts, this true shall trie
Vertue alone is true nobilitie.

If one most vitious in my line should be
Five hundred years ago, what is't to me,
Who vertuous am;? What? can it derogate
To my good name? or violate my state?
Or if antcestors brave shall me preceed,
And I do prove the knave, what shall proceed
By their Heroick vertues unto me,
Whose vitious life denies my progenie?

For lineage and forebears, Naso said,
Are not cal'd ours, nor what our selves not made.
To prove this paradoxe I durst be bold
With judgement of the learned but I hold
My pen: for all do know of old what's said,
I rather that Therfites were my daid,
And I Achilles-like, most noble, rather
Then I Therfites, he to be my father:
True generositie doth so esteeme,
Though ignorance the contrare would maintaine.
But Momus must needs carp, and Misanthrópos
Be Ariopagita-like Scythropos.

Joven. Sat. 8.

Metam. 13.

Arist. Ethic.
lib. 1. cap. 1

Joven. Sat. 8.

Scarc

Scarce were these lines as yet come to the birth
When some false flattering sycophant gave forth
Most foule aspersions, making rumors spread,
That citing of some auncient stories bred
No small disgrace unto the present times,
Places, and persons of most auncient stemmes.
And that I write of purpose to attaint them;
I wish of this their wrong it might repent them:
For as the contrarie's true, so I protest
I never had a purpose to infest
The meanest, far lesse these of better sort,
Where birth and grace do make a sweet consort.
Yea, more I do protest, against my will
These lines were rest from under my rude quill:
I never did intend so great a height
That they should touch the presse, or come to light:
But now, sith more there is then my designe,
I forced am my just defence to bring
Gainst my traducers, who maliciouslie,
With banefull envie's tooth, have snatch'd at me
But I appeale to all judicious learning,
Whose wits are exercised in discerning,
If I your approbation do finde,
I care nought these Ardelio's catching winde:
Nor other Patrons do I seek but you,
To take of this small piece a litle view,
And give just censure joyn'd with your protection,
More worth then Zoilus hate Gnatho's affection;
Your favours shall me shelter and defend
Against all envies rage to live to end,
Trusting in God to keepe my conscience pure,
Whose favour most of all shall me secure.

Farewell.

De Authoris præmaturo obitu, *Elegidion.*

A Damfone jaces, raptus florentibus annis?
Totque animi dotes hausit acerba dies?
Tam carum Phœbo letali tæbe levare
Artes Phœbææ non potuere caput?
Quod tibi si canam fas aspexisse senectam,
Pectoris & diti promere clausa sinu:
Inferius Tiberi non Taus nomen haberet:
Et Romæ æquaret Perthæ superba decus.
Hæc vide, quæ primâ lusit vernante juventâ
(Talis erat Ciris Virgiliique Culex)
Aspice, conatu quam nil molitur inepto,
Grandia seu memoret, sive jocosa canat.
Martia grandiloquo memorat dum bella coturno,
Mæoniam credas incinuisse tubam.
Si laudes canat Heroum, aut facta inclyta Iovæ,
Daunigenam jures increpuisse fides.
Ad joca si lætæ demittat plectra Thalix,
Bilbilidæ dicas plectra movere sales.
Si canit historias, diæ si dogmata legis;
Dixeris his omnes invigilasse dies.
Denique sic unus cunctâ proludit in arte,
Ceu brevis ars, illi vitæque longa foret.
Quod si tantus honos florum; quæ gloria messis
(Hanc nisi præriperent fata inimica) foret?
At tu quæ primæ dederas spiramina vitæ,
Cui vitæ æternum reddidit ille diem,
Æternos titulos spiranti in marmore scribas,
Usque memor civis, inclyta Perthæ, tui.

TH. CRAWFORDIUS.

TO PERTH, AN ENT TWO
of her Sons, her two Suns, Mr. *Henrie*
Anderson, and Mr. *Henrie Adamson*,
his Nephew.

TWO *Henries*, like two Suns, upon thee
rose,

The Uncle, and the Nephew, and did close
The one a summer, th' other a winter day,
Nor longer could on our Horizon stay.

With home-bred beames the one on thee
did shine,

Th' other with rayes brought from the coast
Lavine.

But herein These excell fair *Phæbes* brother,
He and his beames do rise, and set together;
Their rayes shine most, themselves when
under earth,

And shall perpetuall splendor give to *Pertb.*

So be it ay, upon thee, noble Town,

May many such suns rise, & so go down.

* *

I. A.

**Ad Authorem proximi Epigrammatis,
de tertio Perthi Sole, Patricio Adam-**

*Tono, Poeta & Oratore elegantissimo, qui Perthi
natus & educatus, ob eximias animi dotes,
infignem eruditionem, & incomparabilem
eloquentiam, pari pietate conjunctam, in Ar-*

chiepiscopatum Andreanum evectus est,

P*Ertha duos tantum vidit, sua pignora, Soles
Letificam claram spargere luce diem?
Hinc Adamsoni discussit nubila lampas,
Hinc Anderfoni fulserat ante jubar.
Tertius hinc ortus (gentilis & ipse nepoth)
Clarus in arctoo Phoebus & orbe fuit.
Nec tantum Arctoo; sed & hunc quoque Gallia Soles
Æquantem stupuit quos sua terra dabat.
Æquantemque suos mirata est Anglia Soles,
Lumine multiplicis enituisse facis.
Non alius quisquam docti pollentior oris
Fulmine: non calamo qui superaret, erat.
Prompta illi Graiae & Latinae facundia lingua:
Nota illi veterum dogmata cuncta Soph.
Illius, orbata Buchanani in funere, Musa
Pectora ceu sacros incoluere lares.
Nota magis nulli divinae oracula: nullus,
Hæc melius posset qui referare, fuit.
Nec, quanquam occiduas currum demisit in undas,
Nec tendens radios occuluisse potest.*

T. C.

In Authorem Libri.

*N*uper Adamsonus vixit splendore Triones,
At nunc occiduum spissior umbra tegit.
Non tamen in cecis omnino evanuit auras,
Liquerat en patrio lumina clara solo,
Perthigenasque suos secus haud intermicat ille,
(Accendens radio nobiliore diem)
Ac Phæbe, reliquis præfulgens lucida stellis,
Noctigenam pleno dum movet orbe facem.

Ad Pertham.

*Q*uid flet? Quid tristi rumpis præcordia luctu?
Pone modum lachrymis, inchoata Perthæ, tuis.
Occiderat tuus (heu) fato Adamsonus iniquo:
Non tamen interijt: sed redivivus adest.

To the memorie of the Author.

*D*ear Soul, thou hast obtain'd more lasting Fame,
In follies collours wisdom setting forth,
Than if ten fabricks like *Mausolus* frame
Were for thee rear'd in witness of thy worth.

Thy *Perth* may boast of such a gratefull son,
Who thus hath honoured his deare aged mother.
Thy Muse such glorie and such fame hath won
To her, as no oblivion can it smother.

Art,

Art, wit, and learning; learning, wit, and art
Do joyntlie justle here, each of them striving
Which carrie shall the prise, and beare chiefe part
In these thy layes, thy native Town describing.

Thy *Georges gabions* shew to underlings
That all things trifles be, that heaven not reaches,
By what thy *Gall* and he, in rapture, sings,
Much wisdome divine and humane thou teaches.

Thy death the Muses darlings all shall mourne,
And shall a tombe erect unto thy name
Of teares turn'd cristall; and upon thine urne
These words shall write, as blazon of thy fame:

*Heere lyes his dust, by whose most learned quill
He and his Perth doe live, and shall live still.*

IO. MOORE.

Faults escaped.

Courteous Reader, who intends to read this
book, may it please thee amend with thy pen
these faults before thou read.

Pag. 29. lineâ ultimâ, for where, read with. pag.
48. lin. 25. for Thus entring through well straitly,
read, Thus entring, though well straitly, pag. 52.
lin. 17. say, read see. pag. 56. lin. 10 fault, read falt.

Pag. 71. lin. 4. And wraks of that citie, read, And
of that cities wrake. p. 76. l. 10. cooles, read coole.

Of



OF Master George Ruthven the
teares and mournings,
Amids the giddie course of Fortunes tur-
nings,
Vpon his dear friends death, Master James
Gall,
Where his rare ornaments bear a part, and
wretched Gabions all.

The first Muse.

NOW must I mourne for
Gall, since he is gone,
And yee my Gabions help me him to
mone;
And in your courses sorrow for his
fake,
Whose matchlesse Muse immortall did you make.
Who now shall pen your praise, and make you knowne?
By whom now shall your vertues be forth-showne?
Who shall declare your worth? Is any able?
Who dar to meddle with Apelles tables?

The auth
of this booke
did write the
Pantheon,
which was
fathered on
Master Gal

The first Muse.

Ai me there's none: And is there none indeed?
 Then must yee mourne of force, there's no remeed:
 And I, for my part, with you in my turne
 Shall keep a dolefull consort whilst ye mourne:
 And thus, with echoing voice, shall houle and cry,
Gall, sweetest *Gall*, what ailed thee to die?

Bowes.

Now first my *Bowes* begin this dolefull song,
 No more with clangors let your shafts be flung
 In fields abroad, but in my cabine stay,
 And help me for to mourn till dying day.
 With dust and cobwebs cover all your heads,
 And take you to your matins and your beads,
 A *requiem* sing unto that sweetest soul,
 Which shines now, sancted, above either pole.

Clubs.

And yee my *Clubs*, you must no more prepare
 To make you^x bals flee whistling in the aire,
 But hing your heads, and bow your crooked crags,
 And dresse you all in sackcloth and^p in rags,
 No more to see the Sun, nor fertile fields,
 But closely keep you mourning in your fields,
 And for your part the tribble to you take,
 And when you cry make all your crags to crake,
 And shiver when you sing alace for *Gall*!
 Ah if our mourning might thee now recall!

Curling
stones.

And yee my *Loadstones* of *Lidnochian* lakes,
 Collected from the loughs, where watrie snakes
 Do much abound, take unto you a part,
 And mourn for *Gall*, who lov'd you with his heart:
 In this sad dump and melancholick mood
 The *Burdown* yee must bear, not on the flood,

Or

Or frozen watrie plaines, but let your tuning
Come help me for to weep by mournfull cruning.

And yee the rest, my *Gabions* lesse and more
Of noble kinde, come help me for to roare,
And of my wofull weeping take a part,
Help to declare the dolour of mine heart.

How can I choose but mourne? when I think on

Our games Olympike-like in times agone;

Chieflie wherein our cunning vve did try,

And matchlesse skill in noble archerie;

In these our dayes vwhen archers did abound

In *Perth* (then famous for such pastime found.)

Amongst the first for archers vve vvere knowvn,

And in that art our skil vvas lovvdly blowvn;

What time *Perths* credit did stand vwith the best

And bravest archers, this land hath possesst.

We spar'd nor gaines, nor paines for to report

To *Perth* the vvorship, by such noble sport:

Witnesse the links of *Leith*, vwhere *Cowper*, *Grahame*,

And *Stewart* vvin the price and brought it home;

And in these games did offer ten to three

There to contend: *Quorum pars magna fui.*

I mourn good *Gall*, when I think on that stead,

Where yee did haile your shaft unto the head,

And with a strong and stedfast eye and hand

So valiantly your bow yee did command;

A slidrie shaft forth of its forks did fling,

Clank gave the bow, the whistling aire did ring,

The bowlt did cleave the clouds and threat the skyes,

And thence, down falling, to the mark it flies,

Incontinent the aimer gave a token,
 The mark was kill'd, the shaft in flinders broken:
 Then softlie smyling, good *Gall*, thus quod I,
 Now finde I time my archerie to try,
 And heere by solemne vow I undertake,
 In token of my love, even for thy sake,
 Either to hit the mark, else shall I never,
 More with these armes of mine use bow and quiver.
 Therewith my ligaments I did extend,
 And then a noble shaft I did commend
 Unto my bow, then firmelie fixt mine eye,
 And closelie leveld at *Orions* knee,
 A star of greatest magnitude, who kend it
 So well as I, prayes you be not offended;
 (For I did use no magick incantation
 For to couduct my shaft I will finde cation.)
 Then cleverly my fien soone can I feather,
 Upon my left arme was a brace of leather;
 And with three fingers hailing up the string,
 The bow in semicircle did I bring;
 With soft and tender lowse out went the shaft,
 Amids the clouds the arrow flew aloft,
 And, as directed by a skilfull hand,
 With speedie flight the steadfast mark it fand,
 The aimer gave his signe, furch-with was known,
 The shot was mine, the bout in flinders flown,
 Above his shaft, in such difficle stead,
 Closely I hit the mark upon the head;
 Then on the plain we capreld wonder fast,
 Whereat the people gazing were agast;

The pre-
 ended Poet
 hen he shot
 rivers, used
 say Have
 the knee of
 ion.

VWith

The first Muse.

5

VVith kinde embracements, did we thurst and thrimble,
(For in these dayes I was exceeding nimble)
VVe leapt, we danct, we loudly laught and cry'd :
For in the earth such skill was never try'd
In archerie, as we prov'd in these daies,
Whereby we did obtaine immortall praise.
Then Gossop *Gall* (quod I) I dar approve
Thou hast a trustie token of my love.

VVhat shall be said of other martiall games?
None was inlaking from whence bravest stemmes,
Victorious trophees, palmes, and noble pynes
Olives and lawrels, such as auncient times
Decor'd the *Grecian*-victors in their playes,
And worthie *Romanes* in their brave assayes,
For tryall of their strength, each match'd with other,
Whose beautie was, sweat mix'd with dust together.
Such exercises did content us more
Then if wee had possesst King *Cræsus* store.

But O! ye fields my native *Perth* neerby,
Prayes you to speak, and truely testifie,
What matchlesse skill we prov'd in all these places,
Within the compasse of three thousand paces,
On either side; while as we went a shooting,
And strongly strove who should bring home the booting,
Alongst the flowrie banks of *Tay* to *Amound*,
Ay when I hit the mark I cast a gamound;
And there we view the place where some time stood
The ancient *Bertha*, now ov'rflow'd with flood
Of mightie waters, and that Princely hold
VWhere dwelt King *William*, by the streame down rold,

Bertha

VVas

Was utterly defac'd, and overthrown,
That now the place thereof scarce can be known.

Then through these haughs of faire and fertile ground,
Which with fruit trees, with cornes, and flocks abound,
Meandring rivers, sweet flowres, heavenly honey,
More for our pastime then to conquest money
We went a shooting, both through plaine and park,
And never stay'd till wee came to *Lowsworke*:
Built by our mightie Kings for to preserve us,
That thenceforth waters should not drown, but serve us;
Yet condescending it admits one rill
Which all these plaines with cristall brooks doth fill,
And by a conduit large three miles in length
Serves to make Perth impregnable for strength
At all occasions; when her clowfes fall,
Making the water mount up to her wall.

*owfie, or
alhoufie.*

When we had viewd this mightie work at randon,
We thought it best these fields for to abandon,
And turning home-wards, spar'd nor dyke nor fowfie
Untill we come unto the boot of *Bowfie*,
Alongst this aqueduct, and there our station,
We made, and viewd *Balhowfies* situation,
O'reluding all that spacious pleasant valley,
VVith flowres damasked, leuell as an alley
Betwixt and Perth, thither did we repair
(For why the season was exceeding fair)
Then all amongst this valley did we hye,
And there the place we clearlie did espye.

*he battell
he north*

The precinct, situation and the stead,
VVhere ended was that cruell bloodie fead

Between

The first Muse.

7

Inch betw
thirtie an
thirtie.

Between these cursed clans, *Chattan*, and *Kay*
Before King Robert, Iohn; upon the day
Appointed, then and there, where did conveene
Thirtie 'gainst thirtie matcht upon that greene,
Of martiall fellows, all in rageing mood
Like furious Ajax, or Orestes wood,
Alonely arm'd with long two-handed swords,
Their sparkling eyes cast fire in steed of words,
Their horride beards, thrown brovvcs, brusled mustages
Of deadly blowes t'enshev vvere vive presages.

Thus standing Fortuns event for to try,
And thousands them beholding, one did cry
VVith loud and mightie voice, Stay! hold your hands!
A little space vve pray; The case thus stands;
One of our number is not heere to day;
This suddaine speach did make some little stay
Of this most bloodie bargaine, th'one partie fight
VVould not unlesse the number vvere made right
Unto the adverse faction, nor vvas any
That vwould it take in hand amongst so many
Beholders of all ranks into that place:
On th'other side none vwould sustaine disgrace
To be debarred from his other fellowes,
He rather hung seven yeeres upon the galloves.

Thus as the question stood, vvas found at length
One *Henry wind*, for triall of his strength
The charge vwould take, a sadler of his craft,
I vvot not vvell vvwhether the man vvas daft,
But for an half french crowvn he took in hand,
Stoutly to fight so long as he might stand,

Henrie wi

And

And if to be victorious should betide him,
 They should some yeerly pension provide him.
 The bargaine holds: and then with all their maine
 Their braikens bukled to the fight againe;
 Incontinent the trumpets loudlie sounded,
 And mightilie the great bag-pipes were winded:
 Then fell they to't as fierce as any thunder,
 From shoulders armes, and heads from necks they funder;
 All raging there in bloud, they hew'd and hacht,
 Their skin-coats with the new cut were outflacht;
 And scorning death, so bravely did they fight it,
 That the beholders greatlie were affrighted:
 But chiefly this by all men was observed,
 None fought so fiercely: nor so well deserved
 As this their hired Souldier, *Henrie Winde*,
 For by his valour victorie inclinde
 Unto that side; and ever since those dayes
 This proverb current goes, when any sayes,
 How come you heere? This answere doth he finde,
 I'm for mine owne hand, as fought *Henrie Winde*.
 So finely fought he, ten with him escapt,
 And of th'other but one, in flood who leapt,
 And sav'd himself by swimming over *Tay*:
 But to speak more of this we might not stay.

Thence did we take us to the other hand,
 From this divided by a crysell strand:
 From whence the King beheld with open sight
 The long-time doubtfull event of this fight,
 From of his pleasant gardins, flowrie wall,
 Which we the guilted Arbor yet do call;

And

The first Muse.

9

And here some monuments we did descrie,
And ruin'd heaps of great antiquitie;
There stood a temple, and religious place,
And here a palace; but ah wofull cace!
Where murdered was one of the bravest Kings
For wisdome, learning, valour, and such things
As should a Prince adorn; who trades and arts
By men of matchlesse skill brought to thir parts,
From *Italie, Low Germanie, and France,*
Religion, learning, policie to advance,
King James the first, of everlasting name,
Kill'd by that mischant traitour, *Robert Grahame*,
Intending of his crown for to have rob'd him,
With twentie eight wounds in the breast he stob'd him.

Black Friar
where killed
was King
James the
first.

Unnaturall parricide, most bloudie traitour!
Accursed be thou above any creature,
And curst be all, for so it is appointed,
That dar presume to touch the Lords anointed.

This phoenix Prince our nation much decord,
Good letters and civilitie restord,
By long and bloudie wars which were defaced,
His royall care made them be reembraced:
And he this citie mightilie intended
To have inhanc'd, if fates had condescended:
For which if power answer'd good-will, we would
With *Gorgias Leontinus* raise of gold
A statue to him of most curious frame,
In honour of his dear and worthie name.
He likewise built most sumptuouslie fair
That much renown'd religious place, and rare,

B

The

The Charter
house, or Car-
naufian mo-
astery, wher
buried was
King James
the first, was
built by him.

The Charterhouse of Perth, a mightie frame,
Vallis virtutis by a mystick name,
Looking alongst that painted spacious field,
Which doth with pleasure profite sweetly yeeld,
The fair south Inch of *Perth*, and banks of *Tay*.
This abbayes, stiples, and it's turrets stay
While as they stood (but ah where sins abound
The loftiest pride lyes leveld with the ground!)
Were cunningly contriv'd with curious art,
And quintessence of skill in everie part;
My grandsire many times to me hath told it
He knew their names this mightie frame who moldit:
Italians some, and some were *French men* borne,
Whose matchlesse skill this great work did adorne.
And living were in *Perth* some of their race
When that, alace, demolish'd was this place,
For greatnesse, beautie, statlinesse so fair
In *Britans* Isle, was said, none might compare
Even as *Apelles* for to prove his skill
In limming *Venus* with a perfect quill,
Did not on some one beautie take inspection,
But of all beauties borrowed the perfection:
Even so this Prince to policie inclinde,
Did not on some one fabrick set his minde
To make the prototype of his designe,
But from all works did all perfections bring,
And rarest paterns brought from everie part,
Where any brave *Vitruvius* kyth'd his art,
So that this great and princelie enterprife
Perfections of all models did comprise.

And

The first Muse.

11

And in this place where he doth buried ly
VVas kept the Relict wherein he did dye;
His doublet, as a monument reserv'd,
And when this place was raz'd, it was preserv'd:
VWhich afterwards I did see for my part,
VVith holsthrough which he stab'd was to the heart.

Then, good *Gall*, thus quod I, what shew of reason
Mov'd this unnaturall traitour work such treason?
Reason! good *Monfier*, *Gall* did thus reply,
Reason! so much in shew I do deny,
Reason! No reason did he have at all,
But wormwood, bitter malice *Stygian* gall
VVithin this traitours heart did closely lurk,
VWhich moved him this tragedie to work:
And I would truelie tell this wofull storie,
But that my tongue doth faile, mine heart's so sorie:
Yet whiles that we unto the town do go,
Monfier, the true occasion, will I show.

This worthie Prince, according to the taillie
Made by King *Robert*, when heirs male should faillie,
Of his Son *David* then Earle of *Statherne*,
So soone, I say, the King as he did learne,
That heirs male of this *David* were surceast,
Into these lands he did himself invest:
For *David* leaving after him no son,
His lands by right come back unto the crown,
Yet after him one daughter did survive,
In mariage which to *Patrick Grahame* they give,
To vvhom she bare a son, one *Melisse Grahame*,
VVhose parents dying young, *Robert* did clame,

As uncle, and as tutor, of these lands
 To have the charge devolved in his hands :
 Which when the king most justlie did deny
 To give, and gravelie shew the reason why,
 This bloodie traitour from his gorge did spew
 Words treacherous, nor to be spoke, nor true.
 For which he justlie traitour was declar'd,
 But he the Kings authoritie nought car'd,
 But more and more pursuing his intent,
 To *Walter* Earle of *Athole* straight he went,
 Whom well he knew to have the like designe,
 Above all things for to cut off the king,
 And all the race sprung of *Eliza Mure*,
 With witches did consult and sprits conjure,
 This to effect, and all th'infernall furies
 With draughts and spels, and such unlawfull curies :
 At length he finding that incarnat fiend,
 Believ'd his response should have stedfast end,
 Which was, that he should once before he die
 Be crowned King with great solemnitie:
 Which came to passe indeed, but not with gold,
 For his familiar sprit kept that untold:
 Thus these two traitours cruelly did hatch
 The treason, which this good king did dispatch.

Both of these traitours at the crowne did aime,
 Th'one thought his nephew might it some time claime,
 And he without all question would succeed:
 For well he knew to cut the fatall threed :
 Likewise that other Hell-raught traitour *Walter*
 Believ'd by no meanes his response could alter,

Thus

Thus both of them fed with ambitious hopes,
Keep'd secret by themselves their partiall scops,
But mutually this one thing they intend,
The king must die; and heere their thoughts they spend.

But this Earle *Walter* subtile more than th' other
His quaint designe gan cunningly to smother,
Observing well the *Grahames* proud haughtie braine,
Greatly aggreg'd the wrongs he did susteine,
Affirming that there was none had a heart
But would avenged be, and for his part
He would assist, and when that turne were ended
Against all deadly *Grahame* should be defended.
Thus by ambition witcht, and rage demented
This traitour execut what was intended.

Who from the famous *Trojan* had his name
And from the woods, when he did hear the fame
Of this infamous fact at *Edinburgh* then
Residing to make peace between these men
Who of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* are descended,
O how he was inrag'd! O how offended!
To see so brave a Prince so traiterouslie
Cut off, he roard and rail'd outragiouslie
'Gainst all the nation; but when he justice done
Had seene upon the traitours, then his tune
He quicklie chang'd, now have I seene (said he)
A cruell crime revenged cruellie.

This tragick task, *Monfieur*, in hand to take
Mine eyes do melt in teares, mine heart strings crake,
What! shall I speak of *Priam* King of *Troy*
By *Pyrrhus* kild? that cannot much annoy:

Aeneas
Sylvius

Or

Or shall I of brave *Julius Caesar* tell,
 VVhom these two traitours did in Senat kill?
 These may affect us with some small compassion,
 But for to speak of this is a tentation.
Caesar for valour, learning and meek mind,
 And ah too much like *Caesar* in his end.
Excusa moi, Monsier, mine heart's so sorie,
 That I can tell you no more of this storie.

VVhen I think with what gravitie and grace
 This tragedie was told, teares weet my face:
 And I do wish good *Gall*, thou were on live,
 That vvith *Meonian* stile thou mightst describe
 Such memorable acts; or else thy spirit
 In some nev v bodie plac'd, it to inherit:
 Ai me, this can not be, vvich makes me cry,
Gall, svveetest *Gall*, vvhat ailed thee to die?



The second Muse.

BUt this sad melancholick dis-
 quisition
 Did not besit our Joviall disposition
 In these our dayes: Therefore vvhen we
 had mourned

For this good *King*, vve to the tovvn returned,
 And there to cheere our hearts, and make us merrie,
 VVe kindly tasted of the noble berrie;
 Melancholie and grief are great men-killers:
 Therefore from *Tamarisk*, with some capillars

Infusde

Infusde we drank, for to preserve our splens
From grief, our lungs from cough, and purge our reins.
But this receipt *Gall* did not keep alway,
VVhich made him die, alace, before his day.

Then home we vvent unto our beds to rest us,
To morrovv againe vve to the fields addrest us;
And in my bed as I did dreaming ly,
Me thought I heard vvith mightie voice, one cry
Arise, Monsier, the day is vvondrous fair,
Monsier arise, then answered I, Who's there?
Arise, Monsier, the third time did it call.
VVho's there? Quoth I, It is I Master *Gall*.
Then I avvoke, and found it so indeed;
Good morrovv Master *Gall*. *Monsier*, God speed.
Good Master *Gall*, Dreames did me much molest
This night, and almost rave me of my rest.
Monsier, quoth *Gall*, What motion might that be?
Said I, I dream'd I vvas in archerie
Outmatcht so far, that I was striken dumbe,
For verie grief to be so overcome.
Monsier, said he, That's beene a mightie passion,
That hath you striken dumb in such a fashion.
A passion, so great, that I did sweat,
My sinewes tremble, and my heart did beat.
At length, respiring, these few words did speak,
O noble heart, of force now must thou break!
For to these dayes was never in this land
That did o'come this marchlesse maiden hand;
And dreaming, as I grudg'd with Master *Gall*,
Incontinent a voice on me did call;

Arise,

Arise *Monfieur*, arise: then I awoke,
 And found it was *Gals* voice unto me spoke,
 Which made me doubt, if so could come to passe:
 Then answer'd *Gall*, although your bow were brasfe,
 That might be done; and I'm the man will do it
 What say you *Gall*? Quod I, then let us to it.

• Foorthwith we drest us in our archer grath,
 And to the fields we came, like men in wrath:
 When we our nerves and tendons had extended,
 Incontinent our bowes were bravely bended:
 The skie was wondrous cleer, *Apollo* fair
 Greatlie delighted to behold us there:
 And did disperse the clouds, that he might see
 What matchlesse skill we prov'd in archerie.
 The cristall river *Phabus* beames reflected;
 As glad of us, them in our face directed:
 The flowrie plains, and mountains, all the while
 That we were shutting, meriely did smile.

Meane while, for honours praise as we were swelting
 The sweat from of our brows and temples melting,
Phabus, as seeming to envie our skill,
 His quiver with some firie shafts did fill,
 And from his silver bow at us he darted
 These shafts, to make us faint and feeble hearted:
 Whose mightie force we could not well oppose,
 Under a shade we therefore did repose
 A pretie while, hard by a silver streame,
 Which did appear some melodie to frame.
 Running alongst the snow white pibble stones
 Mourning did murmure ioyes, commixt with moanes:

A cup I had of *Woodbind of the wall*
And drinking, said, This to you Master *Gall*.
Quoth he, *Monfieur*, sith that we have no better,
With all mine heart I will you pledge in water :
This brook amongst the flowrie plain meanders ,
And in a thousand compasses it wanders;
And as it softly slides so many wayes,
It sweetlie sings as many rowndelayes,
And, harmonie to keep, the honie bees
Their trumpets sound amongst the flowres; and trees
Their shadowes from their shaggie tops down sending
Did bow, in token of their homage rendring
But in short while *Phabus* his face withdrew;
Then freshly fell we to't again of new,
And kyth most skilfull, and most pleasant game,
While to the lands of *Loncartie* we came.

Then thus, quod I, Good *Gall*, I pray thee show,
For cleerly all antiquities yee know,
What meane these skonfes, and these hollow trenches
Throughout these fellow-fields, and yonder inches?
And these great heaps of stones, like Pyramids?
Doubtlesse all these yee know, that so much reads.

These trenches be (*Gall* answering, did reply)
Where these two armies *Scots* and *Danes* did ly
Incamped, and these heaps the trophæ's be,
Rear'd in memoriall of that victorie,
Admir'd unlook't for, conquest in that day,
Be th'only vertue of a Hynds-man, *Hay*,
And his two sons, from whence immortall praise
He gain'd, and glory of his name did raise

To all succeeding ages; as is said
Of *Briareus* an hundreth hands who had,
Wherewith he fought, or rather as we see
A valiant *Sampson*, whose activitie
With his asse-bone kills thousands, or a *Shangar*
With his oxegoad kills hundreths in his anger:
Even so, this war-like wight with oxens yoke
Beats squadrons down by his undaunted stroke,
And did regain the victorie, neere lost,
Unto the *Scots*, by his new gathered host
Of fearfull fleers, in a wofull plight,
By his encouragements infusing might
Into their nerves, new spirits in their arters,
To make them fight in blood unto the garters,
Against their hatefull foes, who for to be
Did fight, more than for price or victorie.
Such cruelties their bloudie hearts possesse
To have old quarrells on us *Scots* redrest,
For utterly quail'd *Tights*, and for their own
Armies by us so often overthrown.
This worthie chieftains happie enterprife
Which sav'd this cuntry from the tyrannies
Of cruell *Danes*, and his two *Mars*-like sons
Do for all ages wear the quernall crowns,
Like *Thrasibulus*; ever bluming bayes
Do adde much splendour to these worthie *Hayes*.

And alwayes since they for their weapons weild
Three rubrick targets in a silver shield.
Which shield the soaring falcon doth sustaine,
To signifie these three men did obtaine

The publick safetie, and the falcons flight
By mounting, shews their worth; by lighting, right
Unto their lands; for honours high regard:
Which in all ages should have due reward.
Like shall all finde, who loyall to the state
And countries well do prove, though small or great:
Men shall them praise, God shall preserve their stemmes,
Immortall fame shall canonize their names.

Thence forward went we unto *Campsie-lin*,
From whence the river falling makes such din
As *Nilus Catadups*: There so we sported
It is impossible for to report it:

Campsie-li

Whither we walk't, or did we sit, or stand,
Quiver was ty'd to side and bow in hand;
So that none thought us to be mortall wights
But either *Phæbus*, or fair *Phæbe's* Knights.
There we admir'd to see the Salmond leap,
And overreach the waters mightie heap,
Which from a mountain falls, so high, and steep,
And tumbling down devals into the deep,
Making the boyling waters to rebound,
Like these great surges neere by *Greenland* found:
Yet these small fish ov'come these warrie mountains,
And kindly take them to their mother fountains,

With what affection everie creature tenders
The native soile! Hence comes great *Jove* remembers
His cradell *Creet*, and worthie more than he,
Let th'idle *Cretians* at their pleasure ly,
Even these most worthie Kings, of mightie race
Come of great *Fergus*, long to see the face

Of their deare *Caledonia*, whose soyle
 Doth make their kindelie hearts within them boyle,
 To view these fields where Martiall men of armes
 Great monuments have rear'd, with loud alarmes
 Of thundring trumpets, by a hundreth Kings
 And seven, one Queen; what auncient Poet sings
 The like descent of Princes, who their crowns
 And scepters have bestow'd upon their sons
 Or neereft kinsmen? Neither is it so
 That this continued line had never so
 To interrupt the same, witnesse these standers
 That bear the *Romane* Eagle, great commanders
 Of most part of the glob, and cruell Danes
 Victorious elsewhere, but not in our plaines,
Pights and old *Britans*; more than these to tell,
 Who in the compasse of this Iland dwell
 But, praisde be God, *Britaine* is now combinde
 In faith and truth, one God, one King, one minde.

Let scoffers say that neither wyne nor oyle
 (Whose want stay'd conquest) growes within this soyle:
 Yet if gold, pearle, or silver better be,
 As most men them account, it doth supplee:
 Yea things more needfull for mans use it yeelds,
 Heard, flocks, and cornes abound heere in our fields,
 Wilde beasts in forrests, of all kindes in plentie,
 Rare fowls, fruits, fishes, and what else is daintie;
 Perpetuall fire; to speak it in a word,
 The like no where is found, it doth afford.
 Thus providence divine hath it ordained,
 That humane commerce may be intertaind,

All

The old
 enemies of
 Scotland.

Commodi-
 ties of Scot-
 land.

The second Muse.

21

All foysls should have, yet none brings all things forth,
Yea grounds most barren oft have greatest worth
Contained in their bowels : this to tell us,

Non omnia producit omnis tellus.

Hence comes that men their gold for yron change,
And so far from there native countries rainge,
Their softest silk for coursest canvasse give,
Because by commerce men do better live,
Then by such things their native grounds forth measure,
By traffike they do finde more gaine and pleasure:
Yea things more simple much more usefull are,
And for mans well more profitable far.

Thus yron serves for all brave arts, much more
Then gold, let *Midas* heap it up in store:
And canvasse serves for ventrous navigation,
Where silks are only for cloths green seek fashion,
And though wyne glad the heart, yet stirres it strife,
But graine the staffe is which sustaines our life:
So humane fellowship to intertaine,
Our fishes and our corners bring oile and wyne.

But above all our soile throughout all parts
Beares bravest Chiftans, with couragious hearts:
These be the bar of conquest, and the wall,
Which our most hatefull foes could never scall.
Would you behold one *Hanniball* o'returne
Fourscore of thousands? looke to *Bannockburne*:
Or would you see *Xerxes* his overthrow
And flight by boat? *Edward* the second know:
Or *Carthaginian* towres with all their mights
Destroy'd: view *Camelon* with faithlesse *Pights*:

Couragio
worthies
Scotland.

Or

Or would yee know great *Castriot*, whose bones
 Could Martiall vertue give, dig'd from the stones,
 Where he did buried ly? take for that part
 The *Brusse* and *Douglas*, carrying his heart
 Through many lands, intending it to have
 Solemnly buried in the *Holy-grave*.

This heart though dead, within their hearts begetting
 Brave hearts, 'gainst dangers their bold breasts outsetting.
 Would you a King for zeale unto Gods house
 Like Israels *David*? Our Saint *David* chuse.
 Or know *King James the first*, like *Julius Caesar*,
 Or *Gregorie* like *Alexander*; these are
 With many more the worthies, whose renown
 By martiall deeds have kept close this crown.

Yea more to speak of such heroick themes,
 Who knoweth not the worthie great *King James*
 Of Britains union *first*; whose vertues great
 Were more than equall to his royall seat;
 Whose matchlesse wisdom, and most learned quill
 Did nectar and ambrosia distill,
 And ravish with amazements all who heard him,
 But most for active prudence all admir'd him.
 Happie in all his life, whose worthie name
 A peaceable *Augustus* did proclaime.
 Who conquered more by wit, than by the sword,
 And made all *Europe* much regard his word.

And good *King Charles* the son of such a Father,
 Thrice happie by thy Virgine Crowne; yea rather
 More happie, if more happinesse can be,
 In earthly things, by thy high pedigree;

But

But most of all by Heaven, vvhich hath appointed
This maiden crowvn for thee, the Lords Anointed,
The man of his right hand, and for thy seed,
VWhich God mot blesse and all vvho shall proceed
Forth of thy loines, and stablsh in thy place
So long as Sun and Moone shall run their race.
Then reigne, great *Charles*, our nostrels svweetest breath,
Long may thou reigne *Defender of the Faith*,
Inthron'd among these vvorthie peerlesse pearles,
And let all say, *God save our good King Charles*,
And deeply in his heart imprint that zeale,
To make the lavv supream the peoples vvell.

VVhat shall vve speak of Martiall Chiftans more?
Of *Gideons*, and of *Sampsons* vve have store,
VVhom God did raise, for to defend our state
Miraculously, in times most desperate.
VVhat braver *Hector*, or more brave *Achilles*
In *Greece*, or *Thrygia*, than Sir *William Wallace*?
And *Iohn the Grahame*, his mate, and brother svvorn,
VVhose living fame his name doth much adorn?
And if vve list this subject more to handle,
What Governour like good Earle *Thomas Randall*?
Or doughtie *Douglas* vvith couragious heart,
Whose name vvrought dreadfull terrour in each part?
But this heroick theme, so passing great,
Impossible it is all to relate,
Our vvorthie rulers even unto thir dayes
They do not want their own deserved praise,
Nor shall they for my part want due renown,
Vertue t'advance, and vice to trample down.

These

These be the wall of Gods own work and framing
 Against our foes, and of his own maintaining,
 Wherefore we blesse his holy Name that made us,
 And pray that never forraine scepter lead us,
 T'impose hard lawes, and tributaries make us,
 To chastise us with scorpions, and to rake us;
 And likewise pray, that *Ajax*-like, we would not
 Undo our selves, which all our enemies could not.

D I N-
 BURGH.

But O dear *Caledonia*! What desire
 Have all men who have heard thy fame t'admire
 Thy monuments? How much more these who be
 Thy sons, desire thy maiden soile to see?
 Thy maiden castle, and fair *Maiden-burgh*,
 The stately winged Citie, which is through
 All ages much renow'nd with streets so fair,
 And palaces so mounted in the air
 That if the deepnesse of imagination
 Could limme a landskape by deep meditation,
 Scarce could it match, where bravest youths abound,
 And gravest counsellours are alwayes found:
 Where Justice joineth hand with true Religion,
 And golden vertue keep the middle region,
 As register, where these acts are enrolld,
 Better than in *Corinthian* brasse or gold.

Let Poetaster-parasits, who fain,
 And fawn, and crouch, and couth, and creep for gain,
 And, where no hope of gain is, huffe, and hur,
 And bark against the Moone as doth a Cur;
 Let such base curs, who nought but gobbets smell,
 Wish the disgrac'd, and deeply sunk in hell

Whether

Whether themselves do go; yet shalt thou stand,
And see them ruin'd all that thee withstand:
God shall be-friend thy friends, and shall all those
Aray with shame that causelesse be thy foes:
Thou art this ancient Kingdomes bravest part,
For wit and worth thou art its hand and heart,
And who the Kingdomes compend brave would see
Needs do no more but survey take of thee.

Hence these desires fair *Caledonias* soile
To view, where bravest stratagems with toile
Have acted beene, hence comes these kindly wishes,
To see these fields, even like these kindly fishes,
Which we behold ov'rcome this mightie lin,
And seeke the fountaines where they did begin.



The third Muse.



Hus as wee did behold the

Salmond sporting,

Wee spyed some Countrie clowns to us
resorting,

Countrie
clowns half
asses.

Who stricken were with suddain admiration

To see us graithed in such antique fashion,
Their stairing eyes grew blinde, their tongues were dumb,
A chilling cold their senses did benumme.

Said we, What moves yon Ghosts to look so griesly?

They scarcely muttering, answered, and not wisely,

D

Oft

Oft have we heard of such strange wights as yee,
 But to this time we did them never see,
 If yee be men or not, scarce can we tell,
 Yee looke like men, yet none such heere do dwell.
 Then said good *Gall*, *Monfieur*, these fellowes stupid,
 Doubtlesse take me for *Mars*, and you for *Cupid*:
 Therefore let us be gone, we will not tarie,
 Yon clownes will swear that they have seene the *Farie*
 When they come home at night, and by the fire
 Will tell such uncouth tales, all will admire,
 Both man and wife, the laddes and all the lasses,
 For be yee sure such clownes are verie asses.

Thence downe the river bank as we did walk,
 And mirrielie began to chant and talk,
 A prettie boat with two oares we espy'd
 Fleeting upon the waters, then we cry'd,
 HOW boatman come; two fisher men neerby
 Thus answered us againe, And who doth cry?
 Said we, Good friends, to favour us delay not,
 The day is verie hot, and walk we may not,
 Therefore your kindly courtesie implores,
 To let us have these little pair of oares
 For down the river we would make our way,
 And land at *Perth*, With all our heart, said they,
 For we likewise at *Perth* would gladly be,
 Only we want such companie as yee.
 All men were glad of us, none did refuse
 What ever thing it pleasde us ask or chuse,
 Then we inbarked with two boyes in train,
 Who recollect our shafts, and these two men :

As

Gall was a
 ale & good-
 / man, M.
 George a
 onnie little
 an.

As down the river did we softlie slide,
 The banks most sweetly smyld on other side:
 To see the flowres our hearts did much reioice
 The banwort, dazie, and the fragrant rose;
Favonius in our faces sweetlie blew
 His breath, which did our fainting sprits renew.
 Then with *Sicilian* Muse can we dissemble
 Our secret flammes, making our voices tremble;
 While as we sweetlie sung kinde Amaryllis,
 And did complaine of fowre-sweet lovely Phyllis,
 So sadly, that the Nymphs of woods and mountains,
 And these which haunt the plains and crystill fountains *Nymphes*
 Bare-legged to the brawns, armes bare and brest,
 Like whitest evorie bare unto the waste,
 The lillies and the roses of their faces
 Running more pleasant made, their waveing tresses,
 VVell curled with the winde: all these drew nye
 The waters brink, in song to keep reply,
 Treading the flowres, VVhen *Gall* them so espy'd
 O! how he cast his eyes on either side.
 And wish't t'have smeld one flouvr, vvhere they had traced,
 Judge vvhat he vvould have given to have embraced.

But chiefly *Echo* fettred vvvas in love,
 At everie vvord vve spoke her tongue did move, *Echo*
 Then did vve call, Svveet Nymph, pray thee dravv nye?
 She ansvveering us most vvillingly, said, I
 Dravv neere said *Gall*, for gladlie vvould I please thee,
 Do not deny to heare me. She said ease thee,
 Then come svveet Nymph, thy face faine vvould I knowv,
 She quickly ansvvering him againe, said, No.

Why so, said he? Heere is there no *Narcissus*.
 To this her old loves Name did answer, kisse us.
 Kisse us, said he, with all my heart, againe.
 This is the thing I would: she answered, Gaine:
 Gaine! such a gaine, said he, I crave alway;
 No countenance she shews, yet answers ay;
 And bashfully obscures her blushing face,
 Left from *Cephisus* son she finde disgrace.
 But if that she had known *Gals* tender minde,
 She had not prov'd so bashfull and unkinde.

When ended were our songs with perfit close,
 We thought it best to merrie be in prose;
 Then seriously and truely to discourse,
 Of diverse maters grave, we fell by course,
 But chiefly of this blinde worlds practice bad,
 Preferring unto learning any trade;
 For these evill times hold not in such account
 Men learned, as the former ages wont:
 But if the worth of learning well they knew,
 Good *Gall* (quoth I) they would make much of you,
 In Poetrie so skild, and so well red,
 In all antiquitie, what can be said
 Whereof you fluently can not discourse,
 Even like the current of this rivers course?
 Things absent you can present make appear,
 And things far distant, as if they were near,
 Things senselesse unto them give sense can yee,
 And make them touch, taste, smell, and heare, and see:
 What can not Poets do? They life can give
 And after fatall stroke can make men live;

And

ontempt of
arning.

What a Poet
in do.

And if they please to change their tune or note,
They'le mak mens names on earth to stink and rote.
Who did fixe *Hercules* amongst the stars?
And *Diomedes* for his wit in wars
Made equall to the gods? But odious
For vice *Thersites* vile, and *Sisyphus*?
These were th'immortall muses, who do sing,
As vice and vertue do their subjects bring,
Therefore this counsell wisdom doth impart you,
Flee filthie vice and intertaine fair vertue.

Yet 'tis not so that everie spirit fell
Whose wicked tongue is set on fire of Hell,
Nor everie *Momus*, nor *Archilochus*,
Whose mouths do vomite venome poysonous,
Hath inspiration of the sacred Muses,
Such wickednesse th'*Aonian* band refuses:
But he who vice most gravely censure can,
And vertues praise advance in any man
With perfect numbers, such one is a Poet,
But in thir dayes, alace, few mendo know it,
Like my dear *Gall*: who gravely did reply
A good *Mecenas* lets not Poets die,
Poets make men on gold wing'd fame to flie
When lands with losse; life chang'd with death shall be.

As we thus talk'd our berge did sweetly passe
By *Scones* fair pallace, sometimes Abbay was:
Strange change indeed, yet is it no new guyse,
Both spirituall lands and more to temporise.
But pallace fair, which doth so richly stand,
Where gardens, orchards, parks on either hand,
VVhere

VWhere flowvres, and fruits, the hart, and fallowv deere,
 For smell, for taste, for venison and cheere,
 The nose, the mouth, and palate vvwhich may please,
 For gardine chambers for delight and ease,
 Damask't with porphyrie and alabaster,
 Thou art not subject for each Poetaster,
 But for a Poet, Master in his art,
 VVhich thee could vvhole describe, and everie part,
 So to the life, as t'vv ere in perspective,
 As readers that they see thee might beleewe.

Meane vvwhile our boat doth vvith the river slide
 The countrie Nymphs vvho in these parts abide,
 VVith many a shout moving both head and hand
 Did us invite, that vve vvould come a land.
 Not novv, said vve; and think it not disdaine
 For vve do promise for to come againe,
 And view where some time stood your Cathedrall,
 And mount, which *Omni terra* you do call.
 Just by this time we see the bridge of *Tay*
 O happie sight indeed, was it that day;
 A bridge so stately, with elleven great arches,
 Joining the south and north, and commoun march is
 Unto them both, a bridge of squared stone,
 So great and fair; which when I think upon,
 How in these dayes it did so proudly stand,
 Ov'rlooking both the river and the land;
 So fair, so high, a bridge for many ages
 Most famous; But alace, now through the rages
 Of furious swelling waters, thrown in deep,
 Mine heart for sorrow sobs, mine eyes do weep.

And

And if my tongue should cease to cry and speak,
Undoubtedlie my grief-swoln heart would break.

But courage, *Monfieur*, my good *Genius* sayes,
Remember yee not how *Gall* in those dayes
Did you comfort, lest melancholious fits
Had you opprest, your spleen so neerelie sits,
And told you in the yeer threescore thirteene
The first down-fall this Bridge did ere sustaine,
By ruine of three arches nixt the town,
Yet were rebuilt. Thereafter were thrown down
Five arches in the yeer fourescore and two,
Reedified likewise, and who doth know
Monfieur, but ah, mine heart can scarcelie sober!
Even that great fall the fourteenth of October,
Six hundred twentie one, repaire may bee,
And I do wish the same that I might see:
For *Britaines* Monarch vvill it sure repair,
Courage therefore, *Monfieur*, do not despare;
Is't credible to bee believ'd or told,
That these our Kings, who did possesse of old
Scotland alone, should such a work erect
And *Britaines* mightie Monarch it neglect?
Absurd it is to think, much more to speak it;
Therefore good *Monfieur* yee do far mistake it;
For never had yee King vvas more inclinde
To do great vvorks; nor of a braver minde,
Providing he can have due information,
His vvord vvill prove of powerfull operation:
For Kings are Gods on Earth, and all their actions
Do represent th'Almighties great perfections.

Thus

Thus *Gals* sweet words often do me comfort,
 And my good *Genius* truly doth report
 Them unto me, else sure my spleene should wholly
 Be overcome with fits of melancholie;
 Therefore I courage take, and hope to see
 A bridge yet built, although I aged be,
 More stately, firme, more sumptuous, and more fair,
 Then any former age could yet compare:
 Thus *Gall* assured me it would be so,
 And my good *Genius* truly doth it know:
 For what we do presage is not in grosse,
 For we be brethren of the *Rosie Crosse*;
 VVe have the *Mason word*, and second sight,
 Things for to come we can foretell aright;
 And shall we show what myserie we meane,
 In fair acrosticks *CAROLUS REX*, is seene
 Describ'd upon that bridge, in perfect gold:
 By skilfull art; this cleerelie we behold,
 With all the Scutcheon of great *Britaines* King,
 Which unto *Perth* most joyfull news shall bring,
 Loath would we be this myserie to unfold
 But for King *Charles* his honour we are bold.

first building
 the bridge
 Tay.

And as our Boat most pleasantly did passe
 Upon the cristall river, clear as glasse,
 My dearest *Gall*, quoth I, long time I spend
 Revolving from beginning to the end
 All our records, yet searching can not finde
 First when this bridge was built; therefore thy minde
 Faine would I know: for I am verie-forie
 Such things should be omitted in our storie.

Monfieur

Monſier, ſaid *Gall*, things many of that kinde
To be omitted often do vve finde:
Yea time hath alſo greateſt vworks deſtroyed,
Wherein the learn'deſt pennes have beene imployed.
But if that I ſhould tell what I do knowv,
An ancient ſtorie I could to you ſhovv,
Which I have found in an old manuſcript,
But in our late records is overlip't,
Which ſtorie no leſſe probable is, than true,
And, my good *Monſier*, I vvill ſhow it you.

I leave to ſpeak vvhat *Hollinſhed* hath told
Of *Cunidag*, vvvas *Brittaine* king of old,
The time *Vzziah* was of *Juda* king,
And *Jeroboam* did ov'r *Iſrael* reigne,
Ere *Rome* a citie was yeers fourtie five,
Ere ſons of *Rhea* did for maſterie ſtrive,
Hovv that this Heathen built three cels of ſtone,
To *Mercurie* at *Bongor* built he one,
His vvay for to direct: then to *Apollo*
At *Cornuel* another did he hallovv,
For favourable reſponſe: the third to *Mars*,
Where *Perth* novv ſtands, for to aſſiſt his wars.

But good *Monſier* this ſtorie is too old,
Therefore I leave the reſt of it untold,
The time vvill not permit me to out-read it,
I'm ſure in *Hollinſhed* yee often read it.
I will a ſtorie of no leſſe credite tell,
In after ages truely what befell.

When mightie *Romaines* came into this ſoile,
With endleſſe labour and undaunted toile,

After great conflicts and uncertaine chance
 Of Fortunes dye, they did in armes advance,
 At length unto these parts where *Perth* doth stand
 Under the conduct and victorious hand
 Of that most valiant Chieftain of great fame
 Brave *Julius Agricola* by Name.
 And there hard by a river side they found
 The fairest and most pleasant plot of ground,
 That since by bank of *Tiber* they had beene,
 The like for beautie seldome had they seene,
 Of eightene hundreth paces good, in length,
 From *Muretowne* brays to foot of *Carnaks* strength,
 King of the *Tights*, which stood on *Moredune* hill,
 The foot thereof from Friers dwelt thereintill
 Now named is, in breadth eight hundreth paces,
 Painted with white, red, yellow flowrie faces,
 So equall fair; which when they did espy,
 Incontinent they *Campus Martius* cry,
 And as an happie presage they had seene,
 They fixt their tents amidst that spacious greene,
 Right where now *Perth* doth stand, and cast their trenches
 Even where *Perths* fowlsies are, between these inches,
 The south and north, and bastalies they make,
 The power and strength of *Scots*, and *Pights* to brake,
 Who presently would fight, by wise cunctation
 They frustrat all their hope and expectation:
 For well this most victorius *Romaine* knew
 T'abate his Enemies rage and courage too.
 Finding the place even to their hearts desire,
 With grasse for pasture stor'd, and wood for fire,

The

The river likewise verie opportune
For lighter vessels to passe up and downe,
And correspondence with their Navie make,
As Souldiers wise, they all occasions take,
And do conclude to winter in that place,
To foile their foes, by voluntarie chace.

Meane while couragiously they do advise
A bridge to build, for further enterprise,
Then forthwith fall they with redoubling stroaks
To fell the tall firre trees, and aged oaks;
Some square the timber with a stretched line,
Some do the tenons, and the morties joine,
Some frame an ovall, others make a cub,
Some cut a section, other some do grub,
Some with great compasse semicircles forme,
Some drive the wadges, painfullie some worme,
Some do hoyle up the standers, others fixe them;
And some lay goodly rafters ov'r betwixt them;
What strength or skill can work, from point to point
They cunningly contrive with angular joint,
And do most strongly binde these contignations,
To make them stand against all inundations.
All men are set on frame, all hands are working,
And all ingines are buſſied without irking.
Thus in short space, a bridge they strongly make,
With passage fair; and for their safeties sake
A mightie strength to be, they frame withall,
On either end, a bridge to lift and fall,
That souldiers might within it keep at ease,
Admitting, or repelling, as they please

Wright
work.

Thus fortified, lest that they should neglect
 Due honour to their gods, they did erect
 To *Mars* a temple, rather did restore
 The temple built by *Cunidag* before :
 For time on all things worketh demolition,
 And heathen men maintaine like superstition.
 Then did this valiant chiftaine name the river
 In *Italies* remembrance *Neo-Tiber*.
 Which afterwards it kept for many a day,
 How long I know not, now its called *Tay*.
 Likewise an house of mightie stone he framed,
 From whence our *Castell-gavell*, as yet is named.
 And, if *Domitian* had not cald him home,
 I think he should have built another *Rome*.

But all these monuments were worne away
 Ere did *King William Perth's* foundation lay,
 Only *Mars* temple stood upon that greene,
 And th'house built by *Agricola* was seene,
 And some characters cunningly incisde
 With *Julius Agricola* imprisde
 In solid marmor, and some print was found,
 Where camped had an armie, and the ground
 Where there had beene a bridge : all which did yeeld
 Occasion to *King William* for to beild,
 After old *Bertha's* overthrow, that citie,
 These ancient walls, and famous bridge ; ah pitie
 If they were as ! But what doth not the rage
 Of men demolish and consuming age ?
 For good *King William* seeing where had beene
 Of old a passage, forthwith did ordaine

A mightie bridge of squared stone to be.
 These famous wals and fusties which we see,
Perth his chief strength to make, and seat of power
 Did with most ample priviledge indue her.
 These be the first memorials of a bridge,
 Good *Monsier*, that we truely can alledge.
 Thus spake good *Gall* and I did much reioice
 To heare him these antiquities disclose;
 Which I remembring now, of force must cry,
Gall, sweetest *Gall*, what ailed thee to die?



The fourth Muse.

His time our boat passing
 too nigh the land,
 The vvhirling streame did make her run
 on sand,
 Aluif, vve cry'd, but all in vain, t'abide,
 We were constrain'd, till flowing of the tide.
 Then Master *Gall*, quod I, even for my blessing
 Now let us go, the pretious pearles a fishing,
 Th'occasion serverth well, while heere we stay
 To catch these mussels, you call toyts of *Tay*:
 It's possible, if no ill eye bewitch us
 We jewels finde, for all our dayes t'enrich us:

Fishing of
 pearles.

The

The waters here are shald, and clear, and warme,
To bath our armes and lims will do no harme,
For these sweet streames have power to bring back
Our spirits which in outward parts make flake
Our naturall strength, but when these sprits retire
They multiplie our heat and inbred fire,
Helping our vitall, and our naturall parts,
Our lungs, our levers, stomachs, and our hearts,
And mightily refrigerat our reanes,
But above all they do refresh our spleans.
For such a bathing bravely doth expell
Melancholie, which makes the spleen to swell.
More than it should, causing an atrophie,
That we like skeletons rather seeme to be
Then men, and *Atropos* appears to laugh,
Thinking we look liker an Epitaph,
Then marriage song; likewise it doth us make
Both supper and collation freshly take.
Content said *Gall*: Then off our shoes we drew,
And hose, and from us we our doublets threw,
Our shirt sleeves wreathing up, without more speeches,
And high above our knees pulling our breeches,
In waters go, then streight mine armes I reach
Unto the ground, whence cleaverly I fetch
Some of these living pearled shels, which do
Excell in touching and in tasting too,
As all who search do by experience try,
And we oftimes; therewith I lowdly cry,
Good *Master Gall*, behold I found a pearle,
A Jewell, I assure you, for an Earle.

Be silent, said good *Gall*, or speak at leasure,
For men will cut your throat to get your treasure,
If they its worth did know so well as I.

Harpocrates my patience will try,
Said I againe, for I am not like such
Who hurd their treasure and their speach asmuch.
But *Gall*, to stay long, no wayes could be mov'd
This element, said he, I never lov'd.

To land: on goeth our cloaths, alongst the way
Then did we go, and taking cleare survey
How proper *Perth* did stand, one might have drawn
Its landship fair, on paper, or on lawn.

Good *Gall*, said I, ofttimes I heard of old
To be of truth these things ere while you told:
But of these wals I doubt that which you said
That good King *William* their foundations layd.
Their founding is more late, I you assure;
That we from strangers rage may be secure,
They builded were, even then when *James* did reigne
The second, and in minor age was king,
Upon a bloodie slaughter, I hear tell,
Which twixt our town and highland men befell;
For taking, as the custome was, a staig
At Midsummer; said *Gall*, *Monfier*, you vaig.
Which word indeed my spleane almost did move:
Then *Gall*, said I, if that I did not love
You most intirely, I would be offended.
Said he, good *Monfier*, Would you have it mended?
Then I that storie will you truely tell,
And if I faile so much as in a spell,

The wals
Perth.

Speak

Speak all your pleasure, I my peace shall hold,
 And grant my tongue in speaking was too bold:
 Therefore *Monsier*, be not so much annoy'd,
 These walls have oft been built, and oft destroy'd
 And stratagems of war have acted been,
 As worthie as the world hath heard or seene.
 By Sojourns as good as the Earth hath born,
 This boldly to avow I dar be sworn:

Englands first *Edwards* three can shew the same,
 And *Scotlands* *Wallace*, *Bruce*, and *Stewarts* fame,
 Whose prowes vvithin this Isle vvere not confin'd
 The *Netherlands* and *France* scarce them contain'd,
 Nor other parts of *Europ*, and it's cleare
 What great exploits they bravelie acted heere,
 These stories are vvell known, I must not slack,
 For by and by the tide vvill call us back,

Wallace ex-
 cellet the
 English our
 Perth.

When *Edward Langshanks* *Scotland* did surprise,
 The strengths first did he take, as Chiftaine vvise,
 But his cheif strength to keep both South and North
 Lovv-lands and high-lands on this side of *Forth*,
Perth did he chuse, and stronglie fortifie
 With garisons of foot and chavalrie.

Wallace sur-
 vnder the
 government.

And vvhat the former times could not outred
 In vvalls and fovvsies; these accomplished.
 Thereafter vvorthie *Wallace* first expell'd them,
 And for to leave these vvalls by force compell'd them.
 Whom after foughten vvvas that fatall field
 VVofull *Falkirk*, envie did force to yeeld
 Up his government; to *Perth* then came,
 And in the Nobles presence quatte the same.

Leanfac'd

The fourth Muse.

41.

Leanfac'd envie doth often bring a nation
To civill discord, shame, and desolation.
Such bitter fruit we found, all to confusion
At once did run, was nothing but effusion
Of guiltlesse blood: Our enemies did take
Our strengths again, and all things went to wrake,
Such was our wofull state, unto the time
The brave King, *Robert Bruce*, came to this clime,
Most happily, yet small beginnings had:
For many yeers before this land he freed
From enemies rage, till wisely he at length
By soft recoiling recollected strength;
Then came to *Perth*, and did the same besiege
And take; who through persuit and cruell rage
Kil'd *Scots*, and *English* all were in it found,
Brake down the walls, them equal'd to the ground.
But after this victorious King did die,
And brave Earle *Thomas Randolph*, by and by
All things perplexed were, the *Baliol* proud
With *English* forces both by land and floud
In *Scotland* came, arrived at *Kinghorne*,
And through the countrie mightily did forne.
Our Governours, the Earles of *Merche* and *Marre*
Sufficient armies levying for warre
This pride for to repretse, did fixe their tents
At *Dupline* camped *Marre*: mine heart it rents
To tell the wofull event, in the night
This Earle and all his hoste surprisde by sleight,
Yee know the storie, all to death neer brought,
The *Englishmen* on *Scots* such butcheries wrought.

Bruce.

Buchan. li
8. pag. 272.

Baliol.

Duplin field

F

Thus

Thus *Baliol* proud to *Perth* did make his way,
 The city all secure ere break of day
 For to surprise, naked of walls and men,
 As pray most easie did obtaine, and then
 To fortifie the same, in haste, did call,
 Go cast the fousie, and repair the wall.
 The Earle of *Merch*, hearing the wofull chance,
 Incontinent his armie did advance
 To *Perth*, hoping the same he might regaine,
 Did straitly it besiege, but all in vaine,
 He forc'd was to retein; *Baliol* to *Scone*
 Then went, was crown'd, rather usurp'd the crown.
 By these fair *Fortuns* having gain'd a faction,
 Not for the countreyes peace, but for distraction
 Did overwey the ballance, none with reason
 Durst call the *Baliols* enterprise a treason,
 Because it had good successe; so doth reele
 Th'inconstant course of giddie *Fortunes* wheele.
 Constant in changes of blindfolded chance.
 Meane while King *David Bruce* did flee to *France*
 As yet a child, his tender life to save
 From tyrannizing *Baliols* bloodie glave.

Perth besei-
 ed three
 onths.

Baliol install'd, in guarding leaves the town
 To some true traitours, not true to the crown.
 Hereafter Nobles and commons all combin'd
 Whose kin wer kild at *Dupline*, in one minde
 Aveng'd to be, did come in awfull maner
 Unto the citie, with displayed banner;
 And strongly it beseige three months and more,
 Till strong assault, and famine, urging sore,

Forc'd

Forc'd them to yeeld, the traitours openly kild
The wals were raz'd againe, and tounes fild.

Is taken, a
her wals r
zed.

Yet *Baliol* once more did obtaine the same,
And with new *Fortunes* much advance his name
But who doth not finde *Fortunes* fickle chance?
Whom erewhile she so highly did advance
To hold a scepter, and to weare a crown,
Now tyrannizing proudly pesters down:
King *Edward* came with fiftie thousand brave
To *Perth*, the *Baliol*, lead as captiv'd slave.
Trust not in Kings, nor Kingdomes, nor applause
Of men, the World's a sea that ebbes and flowes,
A wheele that turnes, a reele that alwayes rokes
A bait that overswallowed men choaks.

King Edwa
the third t
keth capti
the Baliol
takes in Per
and rebuild
her wals,

Seditions rise againe, this *Edward Windsore*
With greater forces came, and made a winde fore
To blow through *Scotland*, minding a new conquest,
Did all things overwhelme, even as a tempest
Castles ov'rcome, strongly beligger *Perth*
It take, rebuild her wals, all thrown to Earth,
Upon the charges of sex Abacies,
With bulwarks, rampiers, rounds, and bastilies
Of squared stone, with towres and battlements,
Houses for prospect, and such muniments,
For strong defence, clouses and water fals,
With passage fair to walk upon the wals,
And spacious bounds within sojourns to dreele,
To merch, to string, to turne about, and wheele.
These were the Abacies, *Couper*, *Landroes*,
Balmertnoch, *Dumfermling*, *Saint Androes*,

And *Aberbrothok*; who these works did frame,
 For merite, and for honour of their name:
 Such zeale had they, though blinde; ah now a-dayes
 Much knowledge is protest, but zeale decayes.

ng Robert
 e second
 iggereth
 uth, assisted
 the Dou-
 as, & Earle
 Rosse.

Thus was the citie strongly fortified,
 Till *Robert* the first *Stuart* first assayed
 With foure great armies, yet by force repell'd
 And after three months sage with grief compell'd
 To sound retreat, *Douglas* meane while in *Tay*
 Most happ'y did arrive: then they assay
 To reinforce the charge, and with munition
 For batterie new prepar'd, and demolition,
 Most furiously assault, a month and more,
 Yet nothing could availe their endeoures,
 Untill the Earle of *Rosse* with new supplie
 Did fortifie the leaguer, and drew by
 The water, which the wall did compasse round,
 By secret conduits, and made dry the ground.
 Then after sharp assault, and much bloud spende,
 Bravely pursued, and no lesse well defended,
 Finding themselves too weak who were within
 More to resist, to parlie they begin,
 And treat of peace; both parties jump in one,
 With bag and baggage that they should be gone,
 And so it was: The citie they surrender
 No *English* since hath been thereof commander.
 Read *George Buchanane Boëce*, Master *Mair*
 These histories they word for word declare.

th surren-
 red by the
 nglish.

After this feige the wals some part thrown down
 But were not wholly razde, to keep the town

In some good sort, readie for peace or war,
If not a bulwark, yet some kinde of bar.
Thus did they stand, untill these heighland men
Amidst their furie kil'd a Citizen;
A Citizen to kill, an odious thing
It then was thought; no sacrifice condigne
Could expiat the same, though now each knave
Dar to account a citizen a slave;
No such conceat in all the World againe,
As prouddie-poor such fondlings do maintaine.

The Hei
land men
a Burges
Perth.

This suddaine slaughter made a great commotion,
The Burgeses without further devorion
As men with war inur'd, to armes do flie,
Upon these Heigh-land men aveng'd to be,
Which they performe, chaffed in minde as beares,
And do persue them unto *Hoghmansstaires*;
In memorie of this fight it hath the name,
For many men lay there, some dead, some lame,
On which occasion they gan fortifie,
And build these walls againe, as now we see;
Though not so brav'ly as they were before,
For that did far surpasse their endeavour,
Yet some resemblance they do keep and fashion
For they be builded neere the old foundation.

Are persi
by the ci
zens to Ho
mansstaire

The
building
the wals.

These are the wals, *Monfier*, as I have shown,
Which often have beene built, oftentimes down thrown
With stratagems of war, fame hath renownd them,
And if not Mars, yet martiall men did found them.
But now, good *Monfier*, needs none more at all
Them to destroy: they of themselves will fall.

So

So said good *Gall*, and humbly begged leave
 For that offence so rashly he did give.
 Oh! if he were on life to say much more,
 For so he was disposed some times to roare.

*The fifth Muse.*

Et bold attempt and dangerous, said I,

Upon these kinde of men such chance to try
 By nature inhumaine, much given to blood,
 Wilde, fierce, and cruell, in a disperat mood.

But no such danger, answer'd Master *Gall*,
 As fearfullie you deeme, was there at all:

For *Perth* was then a citie made for war,
 Her men were souldiers all, and bold to dar
 Such motion attempt, a souldier keene
 The smallest outrage hardly can susteine.

Many such stratagems declare I might,
 Which *Perth* hath acted in defence of right:

How *Ruthuens* place, and *Duplins*, in one day
 Were burn'd, or battell of the bridge of *Tay*,
 With manly courage fought, where, kil'd were many,
 Upon the day sacred to *Magdalené*,

Five

Perth's old
 argessies all
 olen men
 greatest
 inhood, for
 fence of
 at strength,
 ch. lib. 16.
 593.

The battell
 the bridge
 Tay its
 ent.

Five hundreth fourtie foure, for which she mournes,
And many times her cristall teares she turnes
In fouds of woes, remembring how these men
Were justly by their own ambition flaine,
Thinking to sack a town, some through despaire
Did overleap the bridge, and perish there:
Some borne on spears, by chance did swim a land,
And some lay swelting in the flykie sand,
Agruif lay some, others with eyes to skyes,
These yeelding dying sobs, these mournfull cryes,
Some by their fall were fixed on their spears,
Some swatring in the foud the streame down bears,
By chance some got a boat, What needs more words?
They make them oars of their two handed swords:
Some doubting what to do, to leap or stay,
Were trampled under foot as mirie clay;
Confusedly to fight and flee they thrimble,
The shifring spears thrust through their bodies tremble,
And strongly brangled in splents do quicklie flee,
The glistring sword is changed in crimson dye;
To wrak they go; even as the raging thunder,
Rumbling and rolling roundly, breaks asunder
A thick and dampish cloud, making a showre
Of crystall gems, on Earths dry bosome powre,
So broken was that cloud, the purpure blood
In drops distilling, rather as a foud,
The dry and dustie ground doth warmly draine;
And dying bodies in their own blood staine,
Or as the comets, or such meteors driven
Or stars which do appear to fall from heaven.

So

So tumbling headlong spears in hand they traile;
 As fire dragons, seeme to have a taile;
 Or *Phaëton*, or some sulphureous ball,
 So from the bridge in river do they fall.

he occasi-
 of the bat,
 1.

I pray the *Gall*, quoth I, that storie shovv
 Some things I heard of it, and more vvould knowv,
 Tell it I pray. No, no, *Gall* did reply,
 Lest I offend our neighbour tovvn neerby,
 When they shall hear hovv malice did provoke them,
 Ambition them guide and avarice choak them;
 Thinking upon our spoyles triumph to make,
 And on th'occasion given our tovvn to vvrak,
 With full commission purchast for the same,
 T'intrude a Provest, else vvith svord and flame
 All to destroy, given by the Cardinall,
 At vvwhose devotion then vvvas govern'd all:
 So in that morning soon by break of day
 The tovvn all silent did beset, then they
 To clim the bridge begin and port to skall,
 The chaines they break, and let the drawvbridge fall;
 The little gate of purpose vvvas left patent
 And all our Citizens in lanes vvvere latent,
 None durst be seene, the enemies to allure
 Their ovvn destruction justlie to procure;
 Thus entring through, vvell straitly, one did call,
 All is our ovvne, Come fellowv-fouldiers all,
 Advance your Lordlie pace; take and destroy,
 Build up your Fortunes; O vvith vvhat great joy
 These vvords vvwere heard! Then did they proudly step
 As men advanc'd on stilts, and cock their cap.

he enemie
 tereth the
 wne too
 ldly.

With

With roulling eyes they looke, and hand in side
Throwing their noses, snuffe, and with great pride
Selflooking set their brawnes, themselves admire
And doubting at their own hearts closely speare
If it be they; thus wondering do they pause
A prettie while, anone they quickly loose
With swifter pace; and turning round, they move
If there be any gazer to approve
Their great conceat; thus, inly fil'd with glie,
They wish their wife or mistres might them see:
Scorning *Alcides*, they his strength would try,
And in their braine the World they do defie.
With such brave thoughts they throng in through the port
Thinking the play of Fortune bairnely sport,
And as proud peacocks with their plumes do prank
Alongst the bridge they merche in battell rank,
Till they came to the gate with yron bands,
Hard by where yet our Ladies chappell stands,
Thinking to break these bars it made some hover,
Too strong they were, therefore some did leap over,
Some crept below, thus many passe in by them,
And in their high conceat they do defie them.
Forwards within the town a space they go,
The passage then was strait, as well ye know,
Made by a wall, having gain'd so much ground
They can exult: Incontinent did sound
A trumpet from a watchtowre; then they start,
And all their bloud doth strike into their heart;
A wondrous change! even now the bravest fellows
In their own fantasies glasse, who came to quaille us

The enemies
fleeeth,

G

The

The vitall sprits their artires do containe,
 Their panting hearts now scarcely can sustaine.

Our souldiurrs then, who lying were a darning,
 By sound of trumpet having got a warning
 Do kyth, and give the charge; to tell the rest
 Yee know it well, it needs not be exprest,
 Many to ground were born, great bloud was shed,
 He was the prettiest man that fastest fled.
 Yea happie had they been, if place had served
 To flee, then doubtlesse more had been preserved.
 Within these bars were kill'd above threescore
 Upon the bridge and waters many more.
 But most of all did perish in the chace,
 For they pursued were unto the place,
 Where all their baggage and their canon lay,
 Which to the town was brought as lawfull prey.

What shall I more say? if more you would have,
 I'll speake of these three hundred souldiours brave,
 Like these renown'd *Lacedemonians*,
 Couragious *Thebans*, valiant *Thessians*
 Resolv'd to die, led by *Leonidas*,
 Stop't *Xerxes* armie at *Thermopylas*.
 Such were these men who for *Religions* sake,
 A cord of hemp about their necks did take,
 Solemnly sworn, to yeeld their lives thereby,
 Or they the Gospels veritie deny.
 Quitting their houses, goods, and pleasures all,
 Resolv'd for any hazard might befall,
 Did passe forth of the town in armes to fight,
 And die, or they their libertie and light

Should

Should lose, and whosoever should presume
To turn away that cord should be his doome.

Hence of Saint *Johnstoun* riband came the word
In such a frequent use, when with a cord
They threaten rogues; though now all in contempt
It speak, yet brave and resolute attempt,
And full of courage, worthie imitation,
Deserving of all ages commendation
Made these men put it on, symbole to be,
They readie were for Christ to do or die.
For they were Martyrs all in their affection
And like to *David's* Worthies in their action;
Therefore this cord should have beene made a badge
And signe of honour to the after age.
Even as we see things in themselves despised,
By such rare accidents are highlie prised,
And in brave skutheons honourable born,
With mottoes rare these symbols to adorn.

Thus some have vermine, and such loathsome swarmes,
Yet honourably borne are in their armes,
And some have myce, some frogs, some filthie rats,
And some have wolfs, and foxes; some have cats;
Yet honourable respect in all his had,
Though in themselves they loathsome be and bad,
Thus *Millaine* glories in the baine full viper,
As none more honour misterie none deeper;
The auncient *Gauls* in toads, in lillies now
Metamorphosde: The *Thrygians* in their sow.
Athens their owle with th'Eagle will not barter,
And *Honi soit* who thinks ill of the garter.

What shall be said then of this rope or cord?
 Although of all men it be now abhord,
 And spoke of in disdaine, their ignorance
 Hath made them so to speak, yet may it chance
 When they shall know the truth, they will speak better,
 And think of it as of a greater matter,
 And truely it esteeme an hundreth fold
 Of much more honour than a chaine of gold.
 Thus may you see *Monsier*, men of renown
 Of old time have posselt this ancient town.
 And yet this may we boast, even to this day
 Men of good wit and worth do not decay;
 For to this houre some footsteps still remaines
 Of such couragious hearts and cunning braines.

Good Master *Gall*, quoth I, I know that well
 Whereof you speak, and clearly can it tell,
 For I did ~~say~~ these Men, being then of age
 Some twelue or threttene years, a prettie page,
 As easely you may guesse, and can you show
 Some partiall poynts whereof you nothing know.
 Nor are they written. Then answered Master *Gall*,
 A witnesse such as you is above all
 Exception, therefore show what you did see,
 Or heare, good *Monsier*, Your antiquitie
 Is of great credit: Master *Gall*, quoth I,
 Much did I see, and much more did I try:
 My Father was a man active, and wight
 In those dayes, and who helped for to fight
 The battell of the bridge: within few yeeres
 Thereafter was I borne, then all our quires

And

And convents richly stood, which I did see
With all their pomp; but these things told to me
First will I shew; a storie of much ruth
How that our Martyrs suffered for the truth
Of Christs blest Gospell, on *Pauls* holy day
Before the fight was of the bridge of *Tay*
In that same yeere; the fillie Governour
Led by the craftie Cardinall, with power
Held judgement on these men, and under trust
Condemned them; nothing their bloudie lust
Could satiat: The Citizens made sure
Their neighbours should nor losse nor skaith indure,
Go to their homes, forthwith the Cardinall
Causde lead them unto execution all.

And from the *Spey* towre window did behold
Doom execut, even as his Cleargie would:
Which treacherous fact did so enrage the town,
No credit more to black, white, nor gray gown
After these dayes was given: Thus in the place
Where malefactors end their wicked race,
These innocents do make a blessed end,
And unto God their sprits they recommend,
In witnesse of the faith, for which they die,
And by the Sprit of truth did prophesie
These vvords, looking and pointing vvith the hand
Tovvards our Monasteries, vvich then did stand
Most sumptuously adorn'd vvith steples, bells,
Church ornaments, and vvhat belongeth else,

,, *These foxes which dolurke within these holes,*
,, *Delighting in the earth like blinded moles,*

,, *Drown'd*

Persecuti
at Perth
the truth,

The fifth Muse.

,, Drown'd in their lusts, and swimming in their pleasures,
 ,, Whose God their belly, whose chief joy their treasures;
 ,, Who caused have our death, shall hunded be
 ,, Forth of these dens, some present heere shall see
 ,, The same ere it be long, then shall yee say,
 ,, Its for Gods truth that we have dyed this day.
 ,, And all these sumptuous buildings shall be cast
 ,, Down to the earth, made desolat, and wast:
 ,, This to performe Gods zeale shall eat men up,
 ,, To fill the double potion in their cup;
 ,, The apples then of pleasure, which they loved
 ,, And lusted after, shall be all removed.
 ,, Yea scarcely shall they finde a hole to hide
 ,, Their heads (thus by the Sprite they testified.)
 ,, And in that day true Pastours shall the Lord
 ,, Raise up to feed his flock, with his pure word,
 ,, And make Christs people by peculiar choice
 ,, Dignosce the shepheards from the hyrelings voice.
 Which as they did foretell did come to passe
 Some fixteene yeeres or thereby, more or lesse,
 Thus with cleare signes, by Gods own Sprit exprest,
 In full assurance of heavens blesse they rest.

Catharins
aplan.

Meane while Saint Catharins Chaplan standing by,
 Wringing his eyes and hands, did often cry,
 Alace, alace, for this unhappie turn,
 I feare for it one day we shall all mourn,
 And that by all it shall be plainlie said,
 That we blind guides the blinded long have led;
 Some Churchmen there, bad pack him heretick,
 Else certainelie they should cause burne him quicke,

This

This done, friends take their bodies, and with mourning
Do carie them towards the town, returning
With heavie hearts, them to this chappell bring,
But no Soule *Masse* nor *Dirigé* durst sing.
Yet this good Priest did lay them on the altar,
And all night read the pistle, and the psalter,
With heart devoute, and sad; from th'evening vapors,
Placing upon the altar burning tapers
Unto the dawning: exequies thus ended,
Their bodies to the Earth are recommended.

This Chapell some time stood by our theater,
Where I my self sprinkled with holie water,
After these dayes did often heare the Messe
Albeit I knew not what it did expresse,
But this I saw, a man with a shaven crown,
Raz'd beard, and lips, who look't like a baboun,
Perfum'd with odours, and in Priestlie vestures,
Did act this mimik toy with thousand gestures;
A misterie indeed, nor which no fable
Acted on stage to make you laugh more able.

After these innocents were martyred thus
As you have heard, Churchmen were odious,
And, when occasion serv'd, so did they finde,
For, so soone as did blow a contrare winde,
The houre was come, and then our *Knox* did sound,
Pull down their idols, throw them to the ground.
The multitude, even as a spear, did rush then
In poulder beat; and cald them all *Nehushtan*.
Our blak Friers Church and place, white friers, and gray
Prophan'd, and cast to ground were in one day.

Knox preacheth, idols are throwndown and religious places.

The

e charter-
isethrown
vn.

The Charterhouse like a Citadale did hold
Some two dayes more, untill these newes were told
We should be raz'd and sackt, and brought to ground,
Not so much as a footstep should be found
Where was such citie; neither sexe, nor age
Should saved be, untill the cruell rage
Of fire and sword should satiate that moud,
Quenching the fire with Citizens own blood
And with destructions become sweep from station,
fall And save with ~~fault~~; perpetuall desolation
To signifie: These newes made great commotion,
The fearful people ran to their devotion:
Doctrine and prayers done, chief men advise,
To take in hand first what great enterprise.
Said one, This place hard by our town doth stand
A mightie strength, which easily may command,
And vrrake our citie, therefore let us go
In time, and to the ground it overthrow,
For sure our Enemies will possess the same,
And us from thence destroy with sword and flame,
Even at their pleasure. Then they all conclude
In armes to rise; and rushing as a flood
Which overflowes the banks, and headlongs hurles
The strongest bulwarks with devouring whirls,
Svalloving the mightie ships them overvhelme,
Nothing availes his skill that guides the helme;
Even so the multitude in armes arise
With noise confusde of mirth and mourning cries
For that fair Palace, then sexscore nine yeeres
Which had continued; turning of the spheres

The

The fatall period brought, to ground it must,
And all its pomp and riches turne to dust.
Even as these Martyrs truelie did foretell
In everie point the judgement so befell.
Towres fall to ground, Monks flee to hide their heads,
Nothing availe their rosaries and beads;
Then all men cry'd, Raze raze, the time is come,
Avenge the guiltlesse bloud, and give the doome.

Courage to give was mightilie then blown
Saint *Johnstons* huntsup, since most famous known
By all Musitians, when they sweetlie sing
With heavenly voice, and well concording string.
O how they bend their backs and fingers tirl!
Moving their quivering heads their brains do whirl
With diverse moods; and as with uncouth rapture
Transported, so doth shake their bodies structure:
Their eyes do reele, heads, armes, and shoulders move:
Feet, legs, and hands and all their parts approve
That heavenlie harmonie: while as they threw
Their browes, O mightie straine! that's brave! they shew
Great phantasie; quivering a brief some while,
With full consent they close, then give a smile,
With bowing bodie, and with bending knee,
Me think I heare *God save the Companie*.

S. Iohnston
huntsup.

But harmonie which heavens and earth doth please
Could not our Enemies furious rage appease;
Cruell *Erinnis* reignes destruction shoring,
Ten thousand souldiours like vvilde Lyons roaring
Against our tovvn do merch, fame desolation
Proclaimes; the church then nam'd the Congregation

H

Makes

Makes for defence: But ah the Burghs distractions!
Papists and Protestants make diverse factions,
The town to hold impossible they finde,
The fields to take they purpose in their minde,
Factions within, munition, victuall scarce,
Hardly to hold eight dayes they finde by search.

Amids these doubts these valiant fellowes come
In armes aray'd, and beating of the drum,
With coards about their necks, Come, come, they cry,
We be the men who are resolv'd to die.
First in this quarrell; we to death will fight,
So long as courage will afford us might,
And who so yeeldes alive, this tow portends
Streight must he hing where did our dearest friends
Who suffered for the truth, nothing we skunner,
This certainlie we count our chieftest honour.
Thus as *Manasses* half tribe, *Ruben*, *Gad*
Do leave their cattell, and mount *Gilead*,
Before their brethren over *Jordan* go,
In armes to fight against their cursed fo;
So these three hundred do abandon quite
Their citie, houses, goods, and chief delite,
Resolv'd to die all for the Gospels light,
Armed before their brethren merch to fight;
And having gain'd a place meet to abide,
Their enemies to resist, courage they cride,
Be merrie fellowes all, leave sad complaints,
Dine cheerefullie, for sup we shall with Saints.
Fame spreads the brave attempt, all martiall hearts
Inflam'd with divine zeale flock to these parts

From

From places most remote, in armes they rise
T'affist the matchlesse happie enterprise.
God giveth hearts to Men, and mightiest things
By weakeft meanes he to confusion brings:
Our enemies ears are fild that all our feare
Was into courage turned from despare;
Their fierie rage is quencht, their hearts do faile,
Where God forsakes nought doth mans strength availe.
Then what their open force could not work out,
By sleight they endeavour to bring about,
They treat of peace: peace flees with joyfull wings,
But under it was hatcht most lewd designes
When time should serve: But he whose thought doth rule
This Worlds great frame their madnesse did controule;
And gratiouſlie through his abundant pitie
Preserv'd our Innocents, and sav'd our citie. (ded

When by small means they found themselves confoun-
Even to their verie heart roots were they wounded:
Then they began to raile, and shew their passion,
Saying, Such riband's meet for such profession,
And in contempt, when any rogue thy see,
They say, *Saint Johnstouns Ribands meet for thee.*
Or any fellow resolute in minde
For some great act, this riband fit they finde
For such a one, Thus time made all men use
This word, and ignorance through time t'abuse,
For everie bad conceat, which for Religion
VVas stoutlie undertaken in this region:
VVhich I did see, and heare, and well do know,
And for your life the paralel me show

In all the World; except *Leonidas*

The rest, without a third I overpasse.

Thus our Saint *Johnstons* riband took the name

Whereof we have no reason to think shame.

Our Shipper heerwith cald, *HOW*, turn aback,

The waters flow, and tide doth quickly make,

Therefore of this to speak more was no leasure,

For winde and tide (you know) stay no mans pleasure.

With post haste to our bearge we make our way,

The day far spent, longer we might not stay;

Our ship now fairlie fleeting comes a land,

Two skilfull rowers take the oares in hand

We reembarked, down the river slide,

Which was most pleasant with the flowing tide,

The bridge drawes nigh where contrare streams do run,

Take heed shipper, said we, these dangers shun,

The whirling streame will make our boat to cowp,

Therefore let's passe the bridge by *Wallace* loup.

Which when we did behold, mongst other things

We much admir'd who lent his feet such wings:

Empedocles may leap in *Aetna* burning,

In *Tiber* leap may *Cocles* home returning,

The one burnes in flame, th'other falls in flood

But *Wallace* overleaping makes all good.

When we these Heaven-like arches had survey'd

We admird in thair these hinging stones what stay'd.

Then thus said *Gall*; these on their centers stay,

As on their bases fixt, and all their sway

They presse toward the same, a wondrous thing,

Albeit the Center in the air doth hing,

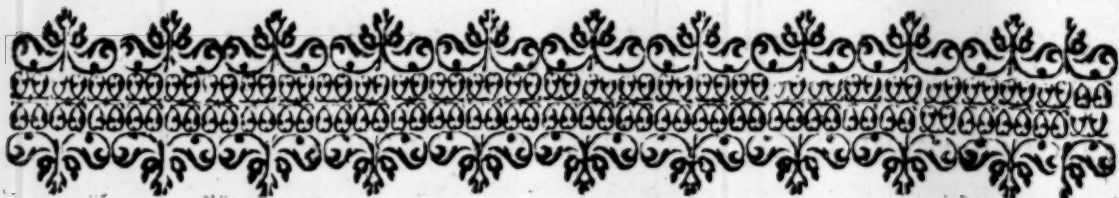
Yea

Wallace
P.

ometrical
cription
two forts
arches.

Yea diverse circles sections diverse wayes
Tend to their proper centers, as their stayes;
So these two sections do conjoine in one,
To make the arch, and finisht in a cone,
As everie peace these bowing arches bends,
It rightlie pointing to the center tends.
So heavens respect the earth, and all their powers
Together in her bosome strongly powres,
VWhich is their center, roote, and sure pedestall
The stedfast base whereon this VWorld doth rest all.
Thus mans ingine Gods works doth imitate
And skilfull Art doth nature emulat.
As *Archimedes* in a sphere of glasse
The worlds great fabrick lively did expresse,
VWith all the stars fixt in the azure heaven,
And all the motions of the wandring seven,
Moving about a fixed point or center,
Observing houres, dayes, months, summer, and winter.
Even so the arches of this bridge proclaime,
And shew the building of the starrie frame:
But now all lost, needs *Archimedes* skill,
Oh if it were supplied by Master *Mylne!*
Thus having past the bridge, our oares we bend
To shore, so this day voyage made an end.

The

*The sixth Muse.*

S we arrived at our *Ladies*
steps,

Incontinent all men reverst their capes,
 Bidding us welcome home, and joining
 hand,

They ask from whence we came, and from what land?
 Said we, Some curious catching everie winde
 Do run through sea and land to either *Inde*,
 And compassing the glob, in circuit role,
 Some new found lands to search beneath each pole,
 Or *Memphis* wonders, or the *Tharian* tower,
 Or walls which shew the *Babylonian* power;
 Or hung in th'air the *Mausolean* frame,
 Or statelie' temple of the *Trivian* dame,
 The *Rhodian Colossus*, and the grove,
 Where stood the statue of *Olympian Iove*,
 With endlesse toile and labour passe to see,
 Or if in all this world more wonders be,
 They search the same, and so they stoutlie boast,
 Yet both themselves and paines are oft times lost:
 For going men, if they return perhaps,
 Strange change, in swine transformed are their shaps:
 Albeit

grinati-

e mira-
 of the
 ld.

The sixth Muse.

63

Albeit some, though rare, who go from hence,
Returne, like him of *Ithaca* was Prince :
But we, more safely passing all alongs,
Are not bewitched with such *Syren* songs.
In little much, well traveld in short ground
Do search what wonders in the world are found ;
Treading these mountains, and these pleasant valleyes,
Elisian fields had never braver allies
Then we imagine, and for wonders rare
More than the *Carian tombe* which hings in air
Do we conceive. Of travels let them talk,
We in the works of learned men do walk
And painfully their learned paths do tread,
For sure he's traveld far who is well read
Yea who so views my *Cabinets* rich store,
Is traveld through the world, and some part more.
Let this suffice we travell to content us,
And of our travels think nev'r to repent us,
Yea in our *Muses*, we do travell more
Than they that coast and sound the *Indian* shore.
Yet think not so brave travels we condemne,
If with safe conscience we may use the same ;
Nor do we speak voide of experience,
For both of us have traveld been in *France*,
And *France* for all, and if that will not ease you
We think then all this world will never please you.
Then went we home to get some recreation,
But by and by befell a new tentation :
Our neighbour archers our good sport envying,
A challenge to us sent, our patience trying,

And

And did provoke us, if we shut for gold,
 Or honours praise, betimes, to morrow would:
 Or for our mistres if we had a minde,
 Doubtlesse, said *Gall*, thereto vve are inclinde:
 But for the present vve have taken in hand
 To viewv our fields by river and by land;
 Boast not therefore, for nothing vvill disheart us,
 Nor from our present progresse vvill divert us.
 But of our journey having made an end,
 Our lives in such brave quarrell vvill vve spend.

This ansvvere vvhen they heard, they did compeer
 VVith ardent hearts some further nevves to speer,
 And vvhat brave sport vve found, vvhat pastime rare?
 Forthvvith in loftie verse *Gall* to declare
 Began, his breast vvhen *Phæbus* once did vvarme,
 Their ears and hearts, his heavenly voice did charme,
 And I to keep a consort vvith full voice,
 As fell by turn, did make them all rejoyce
 VVith svveetest rimes; for both of us inclinde,
 Even as *Democritus* did truely minde
 Of Poets all, vvhen once that sacred fire
 VVith divine furie did our breasts inspire.
 And thus vvith heavenlie rapture, as transported
 That vvhole dayes journey *Gall* to them reported,
 Till *Hesperus* appeard, and in despight
 Of heavens vvhich hearkned, forc'd to bid good night.
 VVhich vvhen I call to minde, it makes me cry
Gall, svveetest *Gall*, vvhat ailed the to die?

The night vvas short, *Thæbus* did touch the line
 VVhere cruiked *Cancer* makes him to decline,

No

cludit sa-
 Helicone
 t as Demo-
 tus, Ho-
 in arte.

No sleep could close mine eyes, but wake must I,
Till fair *Aurora* did inlight the sky.
Then up I got, and where good *Gall* did ly,
With mightie voice and chanting did I cry,
Good Master *Gall*, arise, you sleep too long
With *Hey the day now dawnes*, so was my song,
The day now dawnes, Arise good Master *Gall*,
Who answering said, *Monfier*, I heare you call:
And up he got. Then to our bearge we go,
To answer us our boatman wondrous flow,
When we did call, thrise lifting up his head,
Thrise to the ground did fall againe as dead.
But him to raise, I sung *Hay the day dawnes*;
The drowfie Fellow wakning, gaunts, and yawnes;
But getting up at last, and with a blow
Raifing his fellow, bad him quickly row.
Then merriellie we leanche into the deep,
Phæbus meane while awakned rose from sleep,
At his appointed houre, the pleasant morning
With guilded beames the cristall streames adorning:
The pearled dew on tender grasse did hing,
And heavenly quires of birds did sweetlie sing:
Down by the sweet south inche we sliding go,
Ten thousand dangling diamonds did show
The radiant repercussion of *Sols* rayes
And spreading flowres did looke like *Argoes* eyes.

Then did we talk of citie toiles and cares,
Thrice happie counting him shuns these affaires,
And with us have delight these fields to haunt
Some pastorall or sonnet sweet to chant.

I

And

And view from far th'ambitions of this age,
 Turning the helmes of states, and in their rage
 Make shipwrake of the same on shelves and sands;
 Running be lawles lawes and hard commands,
 And often drown themselves in flouds of woes,
 As many shipwraks of this kinde well showes.
 We passe our time upon the forked mountain,
 And drink the cristall waters of the fountain.
 Dig'd by the winged horse; we sing the trees
 The cornes, and flocks, and labours of the bees;
 Of sheeheard lads, and lasses homelie love,
 And some time straine our oaten pipe above
 That mean: we sing of *Hero* and *Leander*
 Yea *Mars*, all cled in steel; and *Alexander*.
 But *Cynthius* us pulling by the ear
 Did warning give, to keep a lower air,
 But keep what air we will, who can well say
 That he himself preserve from shipwrake may?
 In stormie seas, while as the ship doth reele
 Of publick state, the meanest boy may feele
 Shipwrack, as well as he the helme who guides;
 When seas do rage with winds and contrare tides.
 Which: ah too true I found, upon an ore
 Not long ago, while as I swim'd to shore,
 Witnesse my drensht cloaths, as you did see,
 Which I to *Neptune* gave in votarie
 And signe of safetie. Answered Master *Gall*,
Monfieur, your table hung on *Neptunes* wall
 Did all your losse so livelie point to me,
 That I did mourne, poore soul, when I did see.

speaketh
 Gowries
 inspiracie.

But

But you may know in stormes, thus goeth the mater,
No fish doth sip in troubled seas clean water.

Courage therefore, that cloud is overgone,
Therefore as we were wont, let us sing on.

For in this morning sounded in mine ear

The sweetest musick ever I did hear

In all my life, good Master *Gall*, quod I

You to awake, I sung so merrielie.

Monfier, quoth he, I pray thee ease my spleane,

And let me heare that Musick once againe.

With *Hay the day now dawnes*, then up I got,

And did advance my voice to *Elaes* note,

I did so sweetlie flat and sharply sing,

While I made all the rocks with Echoes ring.

Meane while our boat, by *Freertown* hole doth slide,

Our course not stopped with the flowing tide,

We ned nor card, nor crostaffe for our Pole,

But from thence landing clam the *Dragon hole*,

With crampets on our feet, and clubs in hand,

Where its recorded *Jamie Keddie* fand

A stone enchanted, like to *Gyges* ring,

Which made him disappear, a wondrous thing,

If it had been his hap to have retaind it,

But loosing it, againe could never finde it:

VVithin this cove ofttimes did we repose

As being fundred from the citie woes.

From thence we, passing by the *Windie gowls*,

Did make the hollow rocks with echoes yowle;

And all alongst the mountains of *Kinnoule*,

VVhere did we shut at many foxe and fowle.

Dragon hole

Windie
gowle,

Kinnoule
castle

Kinnoule, so famous in the dayes of old !
 Where stood a castle and a stately hold
 Of great antiquity, by brink of *Tay*
 Woods were above, beneath fair medowes lay
 In prospect proper *Perth*, with all her graces,
 Fair plantings, spacious greens, religious places,
 Though now defac'd through age, and rage of men,
 Within this place a *Ladie* did remaine

nnouls La-
 e did see
 Wallace and
 e Bruce,

Of great experience, who likewise knew
 By spirit of prophecie, what should ensue,
 Who saw wight *Wallace*, and brave *Bruce* on live,
 And both their manhoods lively did describe
 Unto that noble Prince, first of that name,
 Worthie *King James*, who hearing of her fame,
 Went to her house, these histories to learne,
 When as for age her eyes could scarce discern.

ne prophe-
 tel.

This *Ladie* did foretell of many things
 Of *Britaines* unioun under *Scotish Kings*,
 And after ending of our civill feeds,
 Our speares in syths; our swords should turn in speads,
 In signe whereof there should arise a Knight
 Sprung of the bloodie yoak, who should of right
 Possesse these lands, which she then held in fea,
 VVho for his worth and matchlesse loyaltie
 Unto his Prince, should greatly be renownd
 And of these lands instyl'd, and Earle be crownd;
 VVhose son in spight of *Tay*, should joine these lands
 Firmely by stone on either side vvhich stands,

shunt
 alrog

shunt
 alrog

Thence to the top of *Law-Tay* did vve hye,
 From vvhence the cuntry round about vve spy,

And

And from the airie Mountaine looking down,
Beheld the stance and figure of our town,
Quadrat with longer sides, from east to wast,
Whose streets, wals, fowties in our eyes did cast
A prettie shew: Then gan I to declare
VWhere our old *Monastries*, with Churches fair
Sometime did stand, placed at everie corner
VWas one, which with great beautie did adorne her,
The *Charterhouse* toward the southvest stood,
And at South-east the *Friers*, who weare gray hood.
Toward the North the *BlackFriers* Church did stand;
And *Carmelits* upon the VVesterne hand;
VWith many chappels standing heere and there
And steeples fairly mounted in the air,
Our *Ladies Church*, Saint *Catharins*, and Saint *Paules*,
VWhere many a messe was sung for defunct souls.
The chappell of the rood, and sweet Saint *Anne*,
And *Lorets* chappell, from *Romes Vaticane*
Transported hither, for a time took sasing,
(You know the Cloister monkes write nev'r a leasing.)
For what offence I know not, or disdaine,
But that same chappell borne hence is againe,
For it appeares no more, look who so list,
Or else I'm sure its covered with a mist
Saint *Leonards* cloister, mourning *Magdolené*,
VWhose cristall Fountaine flowes like *Hippocrené*.
Saint *Iohnes* fair church, as yet in mids did stand:
A braver sight vvas not in all this land
Than vvas that tovvn, vwhen thus it stood decord
As not a fevv, yet living, can record.

Situation of
Perth.

Lorets cha
pell transpo
ted to Perth
from Rom
Vaticane.

And

And to be short, for this we may not tarie on,
 Of that old town this nought is but the carion.
Monfieur, said *Gall*, that for a truth I know
 These Kirks and Cloisters made a goodly show;
 But this as truely I dar well alleadge,
 These Kirkmen vsde the greatest coufenage
 That ev'r was seene or heard. Good *Gall*, quoth I,
 How can that be? *Monfieur*, if you will try,
 Too much true shall you finde. Pray thee, good *Gall*,
 Your speach to me seemes paradoxicall;
 Therefore I would it know: *Monfieur*, quoth he,
 And shall I show what such Idolatrie
 Hath brought upon that town? The many closters
 VVhere fed there was so many idle fosters,
 Monks, Priests, and Friers, and multitude of Patrons,
 Erected in their queires; th'old wives and matrons
 Gave great head to these things, which they did say,
 And made their horned husbands to obey;
 And mortifie so much unto this Saint,
 And unto that, though they themselves should want;
 Yea twentie Saints about one tenement,
 Each one of them to have an yeerlie rent,
 And all to pray for one poore wretched soul;
 VVhich Purgatorie fire so fierce should thole.
 So these annuities, yeerelie taxations,
 Are causes of these wofull desolations
 VVhich we behold. The ground of all these evils,
 VVhat to these Saints they gave, was given to Divels.
 God made them Saints, men set them in Gods stead,
 Gave them Gods honour; so them idols made:

Thus

Saints how
 ade idols,
 and devils.

The sixth Muse.

71

Thus Satan served is; what men allow
On idols in his Name; to him they do:
And now these Friers destroyers may be seene,
And ~~wracks~~ of that cities the cause have been:
For none dare buy the smallest peace of ground,
So many annuel rents thereon are found,
And if he build thereon, doubtlesse he shall
Spend in long suits of Law his moyen all.
If some good salve cure not this fore, I fear
It shall be said, some time a town was there.

romach

Good Gall, said I, some melancholious fit
Molests your Joviall sprite, and pregnat vvit,
I vwould some Venus-heir might cure your sadnesse;
Repell your sorrovves, and repleage your gladnesse:
Therefore I'le quickelie go a herbarising
To cure that melancholik mood by snising.

Herevvith vve turne our pace, and down againe
Passe by the *Windie gowle*, unto the plaine;
And herbarising there a prettie vvhile,
Galls lustie face blithly began to smile;
Guesse then hovv blith vvas I, if I had found
(I vwould not been so blith) a thousand pound.
Thus recreat, to boat againe vve go,
And down the river smothly do vve rovv,
Neerby *Kinfaunes*, vvhich famous *Longoveil*
Sometime did hold; vvhose auncient svword of steele
Remaines unto this day, and of that land
Is chieftest evident; on th'other hand
Elcho and *Elcho* park, vvhich *Wallace* haunted,
A sure refuge, vvhich *Englishmen* he daunted;

Kinfaunes.

Elcho.

And

Sleeplesse
Isle.

Balthyok.

Megeance.
Errol.

Earnside.

Wallace
ship.

Wallace go-
ing to France
not recorded
and why.

And *Elcho-nunrie*, vvhether the holy sisters
Suppli'd vvere by the *Fratres* in their misters.
By *Sleeplesse Isle* vve rowv, vvhich our good Kings
Gave to our tovvn vvith many better things.
Before there vvas in that neere neighbouring station,
Or Frier or Nun to set there their foundation.
On th'other side vve lookt unto *Balthyok*
VVhere many peacock cald upon his mayok.
Megeance fair place, and *Errols* pleasant seat,
VVith many more, vvhich long vvere to relate.
Right over against is that vvhod *Earnside*,
And fort vvhether *Wallace* oftentimes did reside:
While vve beheld all these, the tide did flowv,
A lie the rudder goes; about vve rowv,
Up to the tovvn again vve make our course,
Sweetly convoy'd vvith *Tayes* reflovvving source.

There vve beheld vvhether *Wallace* ship vvas drovynd,
VVhich he brought out of *France*, vvwhose bottome found
VVas not long since, by Master *Dickesons* art,
That rare ingenieur, skild in everie part
Of Mathemathick; Quoth I, Master *Gall*,
I marvell our records nothing at all
Do mention *Wallace* going into *France*,
Hovv that can be forgotte I greatlie scance,
For vvell I knowv all *Gasconie* and *Guien*
Do hold that *Wallace* vvas a mightie Gian,
Even to this day; in *Rochel* likewise found
A Tovvre from *Wallace* name greatly renovvnd.
Yea *Longoveils* antiquities, vvhich there
We do behold, this truely do declare

That

That *Wallace* was in *France*; for after that
The publick place of government he quat,
Were full four yeeres and more, before he shed
His dearest bloud, ah dearest truelie said:
And think you then that such a martiall heart
Yeelding his place, would sojourne in this part,
And lazely ly loytring in some hole?
That any so should think I hardlie thole;
Therefore I grieve our men should have forgotten
Themselves, and left so brave a point unwritten;
Or should it contradict, there being so many
Good reasons for this truth, as is for any.

Monfieur, said he, that's not a thing to grieve at,
For they did write his publick life, not privat:
For sure it is, after his publick charge
Grief made him go to *France*, his spirit t'enlarge,
His noble Sprite, that thraldome suffered never,
For he to libertie aspired ever,
And turning home, his ship causde sunken be,
To stop the rivers passage, that from sea
No *English* ship should come *Perth* to releave,
For any chance of war Fortune could give.
But now this ship, which so long time before
In waters lay, is fairlie haild a shoare:
What cannot skill by Mathematick move?
As would appeare things Natures reach above.

Up by the Willow gate we make our way;
With flowing waters pleasant then was *Tay*.
The town appeares; the great and strong *Spey* towre,
And *Monks* towre, builded round; a wall of power

K

Extending

Extending twixt the two, thence goeth a snout
 Of great squair stones, which turnes the streames about;
 Two ports with double wals; on either hand
 Are fowlsies deep, where gorged waters stand,
 And flow even as you list: but over all
 The Palace kythes, may nam'd be *Perths Whithall*.
 With orchards, like these of *Hesperides*
 But who shall shew the *Ephemerides*
 Of these things, which sometimes adorn'd that Citie?
 That they should all be lost, it were great pitie.
 Whose antique monuments are a great deale more
 Than any inward riches, pomp or store;
 And priviledges would you truely know?
 Far more indeed, than I can truelie show;
 Such were our Kings good wills, for to declare
 What pleasure and contentment they had there:
 But of all priviledges this is the bravest,
 King *James the Sixth was Burges made and Provest*;
 And gave his *Burges* oath, and did inrole
 With his own hand within the *Burges* scrole
 And *Gildrie Book* his deare and worthie Name,
 Which doth remaine to *Perths* perpetuall fame,
 And that Kings glorie, thus was his gracious pleasure
 Of his most loving heart to shew the treasure;
 Writing beneath his Name these words most nervous,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.
 That is, It is the Lyons great renown
 To spare the humble, and proudlings pester down.
 Which extant with his own hand you may see:
 And, as inspir'd, thus did he prophesie,

VVhat

Perths Whithall,

King James
the sixth Pro-
vest of Perth.

VVhat will you say, if this shall come to hand,
Perths Provest *Londons* Major shall command.
 VVhich words, when we did hear, we much admir'd,
 And everie one of us often inquir'd
 What these could meane? Some said, he meand such one,
 That *London*, yea all *England* like had none,
 Some said, he mindes his dignitie and place;
 Others his gifts of Nature, and of Grace.
 All which were true indeed, yet none could say,
 He mean'd that *Englands* sceptor he should swey,
 Till that it came to passe some few yeeres after,
 Then hearts with joy, and mouths were filld with laughter:
 Happie *King James the sixth*, so may I say,
 For I a man most Joviall was that day,
 And had good reason, when I kist that hand,
 VVhich afterwards all *Britaine* did command.

Monfier, said *Gall*, I sweare you had good reason
 Most glad to be that day: for you of treason
 Assoylied was, of your unhappie chief:
 Pray thee good *Gall*, quod I, move not my grief.
 Said *Gall*, *Monfier*, That point I will not touch,
 They'l tine their coales that burnes you for a witch.
 A witch, good *Gall*, quod I, I will be sworne,
 VVitchcraft's the thing that I could never learne;
 Yea Master *Gall*, I swear that I had rather
 Ten thousand Chiefs been kill'd, or had my Father,
 The King is *Pater patriæ*, a chief
 Oft times is borne for all his kinnes mischief.
 And more, I know was never heart, nor hand
 Did prosper, which that King did ev'r vvithstand.

Therefore good *Gall*, I pray thee let that passe,
That happie King knew well what man I was.

While we thus talk, our boat drawes nie the shoare,
Our fellowes all for joy begin to roare
When they us see: and lowdly thus gan call,
Welcome, good *Monfier*, welcome Master *Gall*;
Come, come a land, and let us merrie be,
For as your boat most happilie we did see,
Incontinent we bargaind to and fro,
Some said, It was your Berge, and some said, No:
But we have gaine the prise, and pledges all,
Therefore come *Monfier*, come good Master *Gall*;
And let us merrie be, while these may last;
Till all be spent we think to take no rest.
And so it was, no sleep came in our head,
Till fair *Aurora* left *Tithonus* bed.
Above all things so was good *Gals* desire,
VVho of good companie could never tire,
VVhich when I call to minde, it makes me cry,
Gall, sweetest *Gall*, what ailed thee to die?



The seventh Muse.

UP springs the Sun, the day is cleer,
and fair,
Etesia, sweetlie breathing, cools the air;

Then

Then coming to my *Cabin* in a band,
Each man of us a *Gabion* hints in hand.
Where me their *Sergeant Major* they elected,
At my command that day to be directed.
What prettie captaine's yone (so said some wenches)
Ladies, quoth I, Men are not met by inches.
The *Macedonian* Monarch was call'd great,
Not from his Bodies quantitie, but state
And Martiall prowesse, good Ladies then to heart you,
You shall well know that talenesse is no vertue.

Talenes n
vertue.

Thus merche we all alongs unto *Moncreiff*
Where dwells that worthie Knight, the famous chief
Of all that auncient name: And passing by
Three trees sprung of one root we did espy:
Which when we did behold, said Master *Gall*.
Monfier, behold these trees, so great and tall
Sprung of one root, which all Men Brethren name,
The symbole which true concord doth proclame.

Moncreiff

The b
thren trees

O happie presage, where such trees do grow,
These Brethren three the threefold Gerion show,
Invincible, remaining in one minde,
Three hearts as in one Body fast combinde,
Scilurus bundell knit, doth whole abide,
But easily is broke, when once unty'd.
So these three trees do symbolize most cleerly;
The amitie of hearts and mindes, inteirly
Kythes in that happie race, and doth presage
To it more happinesse in after age;
Loves sweetest knot, which three in one doth bring
That budding gemme shall make more flourishing

Fair

Fair Brethren Trees, and sith so is your Name,
 Be still the badge of concord, and proclaime
 All health and wealth, unto that happie race,
 Where grace and vertue mutually embrace.

To *Moncrief* easterne, then to *Wallace-town*
 To *Fingask* of *Dundas*, thence passing down
 Unto the *Rynd*, as Martiall Men, we faire.
 What life Mans heart could wish more void of care?
 Passing the river *Earne*, on th'other side,
 Dreilling our Sojourns, Vulgars were affraide.

bernethie. Thence to the *Pights* great Metropolitan,
 Where stands a steeple, the like in all *Britaine*
 Not to be found againe, a work of wonder,
 So tall and round in frame, a just cylinder
 Built by the *Pights* in honour of their King,
 That of the *Scots* none should attempt such thing,
 As over his bellie big to walk or ride,
 But this strong hold should make him to abide.
 Unlesse on *Pegasus* that he would flee,
 Or on *Joves* bird should soare into the skye,
 As rode *Bellerophon* and *Ganymede*:
 But mounted so must ride no giddie head.

From thence we merch't directlie unto *Dron*,
 And from that stead past to the *Rocking stone*;
 Accompanied with Infantrie a band,
 Each of us had a hunting staffe in hand,
 With whistles shrile, the fleeing fowles to charme,
 And fowlers nets upon our other arme;
 But as for me about my neck vvas borne,
 To found the chace a mightie hunting horne;

And

And as I blevv vvith all my might and maine,
The hollovv rocks did ansvvere make againe,
Then everie man in this cleare companie
Who best should vvinde the horne began to try ;
Among the rest a fellowv in the rout
Boldly began to boast, and brave it out,
That he vvould vvind the horne in such a vvise,
That easelie he vvould obtaine the prise,
But to record vvhat chance there follovved after
Gladly I vvould, but grief forbiddeth laughter,
For so it vvvas the merrie man vvvas mard,
Both tongue and teeth, I vvot, vvvere tightly tard ;
Then no more stay ; Fellowv, good night, quod vve,
Th'old proverb sayes, that *Dirt partes Companie*.

By this vve vvvere just at the *Rocking stone*,
Amongst the vvorlds great vvonders, it is one
Most rare : It is a *Thanix* in its kinde,
The like in all the vvorld yee shall not finde :
A stone so neicely set upon its kernels,
Not artificiall, but naturall chernel.
So huge, so grave, that if you please to prove it,
A hundred yoak of oxen vvill not move it,
Yet touch it vvith your fingers smallest knocking,
Incontinent it vvill fall to a rocking,
And shake, and shiver, as if obedient,
More by request, than by commandement.
Then up I clame this rock, as I vvvas vvonted,
And like *Ageon* on Whales back I mounted,
And vvith *Etites* raeling stone I knocked,
And as it ratled, even so vvvas I rocked.

The rocki
stone of B.
vaird.

So

So fair a cradle, and rare was never seene
Oh if my *Cabinet* could it conteine!

Bridge of
rne.

Next at the bridge of *Earne* we made our Station,
And there we took some little recreation;
VVhere in Heroicks *Gall* fell to declaring
All circumstances of that dayes wayfaring,
And there so merrielie we sung, and chanted,
Happie were they our companie who haunted,
VVhich when I call to minde it makes me cry,
Gall, svveetest *Gall*, what ailed thee to die



The eight Muse.



Hat blooming banks sweet

Earne, or fairest *Tay*,

Or *Amond* doth embrace; these many a
day

We haunted; where our pleasant pastorals
VVe sweetly sung, and merrie madrigals:
Sometimes bold *Mars*, and sometimes *Venus* fair,
And sometimes *Phæbus* love we did declare;
Sometimes on pleasant plaines, sometimes on mountains,
And sometimes sweetlie sung beside the fountains.

But in these banks where flowes Saint *Conils* VVell,
The which *Thessalian* tempe doth excell,

VVhose

Hunting
er of old,
ed Luth-

The eight Muse.

81

Whose name and matchlesse fame for to declare,
In this most dolefull dittey, must I spare:
Yet thus dar say, that in the World again
No place more meet for Muses to remain;
For shadowing walks, where silver brooks do spring,
And smelling arbors, where birds sweetly sing,
In heavenly Musick warbling like *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, or *Amphion*,
That *Helicon*, *Parnassus*, *Pindus* fair
To these most pleasant banks scarce can compare.

These be the banks where all the Muses dwell,
And haunt about that cristall brook and well,
Into these banks chiefly did we repair
From Shunshine shadowed, and from blasting air.
There with the Muses we did sing our songs,
Sometimes for pleasure, sometimes for our wrongs;
For in those dayes, none durst approach their table,
But we, to taste their dainties, this no fable.

From thence to *Methven wood* we took our way,
Soone be *Aurora* fair did kyth the day;
And having rested there some little space,
Againe we did betake us to our chace,
Raising the Does and Roes forth of their dennes,
And watric fowles out of the marish fennes,
That if *Diana* had been in that place,
Would thought, in hunting we had stain'd her grace.

To *Methven Castle*, where *Gall* did declare
How *Margaret Teuther*, Queen, sometimes dwelt there;
First daughter to King *Henrie* seventh, who closes
Tork-Lancaster in one, *Englands* two roses.

Queen Mar-
garet Teu-
ther,

L

A

A happie union after long debate,
 But union much more happie, and more great
 Even by that same Queen springs, and by her race
 Whereby all *Britaine* joyes long wished peace.
 Hence came King *James* his title to the Crowne
 Of *England*, by both parents of renowne.
 Hence comes our happie peace, so be it ay,
 That peace with truth in *Britaine* flourish may.
 Right over to *Forteviot*, did we hy,
 And there the ruin'd castle did we spy
 Of *Malcolme Ken-more*, whom *Mackduff* then *Thane*
 Of *Fife*, (so cald) from *England* brought againe,
 And fiercelie did persue tyrant *Makbeth*,
 Usurper of the Crowne, even to the death.
 These castles ruines when we did consider,
 We saw that wasting time makes all things wither.
 To *Dupline* then, and shades of *Aberdacie*,
 From thence to *Mailer*, and came home by *Craigie*.
 Soone by that time, before three dayes were done,
 We went to se the monuments of *Scone*,
 As was our promise, *Scones* Nymphs see we must,
 For in such vowes we were exceeding just.
 And there with *Ovid* thus did we declare,
 Heere is a greene, where stood a Temple fair:
 Where was the fatall chaire, and marble stone,
 Having this *Motto* rare incise thereon,
This is the stone, if fates do not deceave,
Where e're its found the Scots shall kingdome have.
 Which *Longshanks* did transport to *Troyuovant*,
 As *Troy* took in the horse by *Grecia* sent

Forteviot.

 K. Malcolme
 Kenmore.

 The marble
 chaire.

So

The eight Muse.

83

So we, who sprung were of the *Grecian* crue,
Like stratageme on *Trojans* did renew.
Oh if this fatall chaire transported were
To *Spaine*, that we like conquest might make there,
From thence to *Italie*, to *Rome*, to *Grece*,
To *Colchos*, thence to bring the golden fleece:
And in a word, we wish this happie chaire
Unto the furthest *Indes* transported were,
That mightiest Kingdomes might their presents bring,
And bow to *Charles* as to their soveraigne King.

Neerby we view that famous *Earthen Mount*,
Whereon our Kings to crowned be were wont:
And while we do consider, there we found
Demonstrat was the quadrat of the round,
Which *Euclide* could not finde, nor *Pater Erra*,
By guesse we did it finde on *Omnis terra*.
And if you Geometers hereof do doubt,
Come view the place, and yee shall finde it out.
A demonstration so wondrous rare,
In all the world, I think, none may compare.

Omnis terr

Thence need we must go see the Mure of *Scone*,
And view where *Pights* were utterlie undone
By valiant *Scots*, and brought to desolation,
That since they never had the name of nation.
Seven times that fight renew'd was in one day
Pights seven times quaild, *Scots* were victorious ay;
Hence is it laid, when men shall be undone,
We shall upon them bring the mure of *Scone*.
King *Donskine* with his remnant *Pights* neere *Tay*
All kild, did crown the victorie of that day.

Mure of
Scone,

Then valiant *Kenneth* went to *Camelon*,
 And threw to Earth King *Donskins* ancient throne.
 So greatest Kingdomes to their periods tend,
 And everything that growes, must have an end.
 Where is that golden head that reing'd so long,
 The silver armes and bellie of brasse most strong?
 The yron legs divided now in toes,
 Are mixt with clay : and so the world it goes.
 Thus nations like stars in multitude,
 Like sand on shore, or fishes in the fload;
 Yea rooted in the Earth so deep, so long,
 As on the mountains grow the Cedars strong,
 Yet time hath overturn'd them, and their names
 Are past, as Letters written on the streames :
 To tell us, here we have no constant biding,
 The world unto decay is alwayes sliding,
 One Kingdome ever doth remaine, and all
 Gainst it who rise to powder turne they shall.

Makbeths
 stile on Dun-
 sinnen hill.

Neere this we did perceave where proud *Makbeth*,
 Who to the furies did his soul bequeath,
 His castle mounted on *Dunsinnen* hill,
 Causing the mightiest peeres obey his will,
 And bow their necks to build his *Babylon*;
 Thus *Nimrod*-like he did triumph upon
 That mountain, which doth overtop that plaine:
 And as the starrie heaven he should attaine,
 A loftie tower, and *Atlas* caused build,
 Then tyrannizing, rag'd as *Nimrod* wild :
 Who had this strange response that none should catch him
 That borne was of a woman, or should match him:

Nor

Nor any horse should overtake him there,
But yet his sprite deceav'd him by a mare,
And by a man was not of woman borne
For brave *Makduff* was from his mother shorne.

Makduff.

Makduff cald *Thane of Fife*, who home did bring
King *Malcolme Kenmore* was our native King.

Ken-more, great-head; a great-head should be wise,
To bring to nought a *Nimrods* enterprife!

Up to *Dunfinnen's* top then did we clim,
With panting heart, weak loynes, and wearied limme,
And from the mountains height, which was well windie,
We spy where *Wallace* cave was at *Kilspindie*.

Wallace
cave,

But there we might not stay, thence to the plaine
With swifter pace we do come down againe.

Descent is easie, any man can tell;
For men do easelie descend to Hell.

When we had view'd these fields both heere and there,
As wearied Pilgrims gan we *Home* to fair;
Home, happie is that word, at *Home* in Heaven,
Where *Gall* now rests above the Planets seven,
And I am left this wretched Earth upon,
Thy losse, vvith all my *Gabions*, to bemoane:
Then mourne vvith me my *Gabions*, and cry,
Gall, svveetest *Gall*, vvhat ailed thee to die?

The



The ninth Muse.



What ! Could there more be
 done, let any say,
 Nor I did to prevent this dolefull day?
 For when I saw *Galls* fatall constellation
 Would not permit him in this Earthly station
 Long to abide; then did I give a tryall,
 To make impartiall fate susteene denyall,
 By herbarising while I prov'd my skill,
 On top of *Law-Tay*, and stay *Mooredovne* hill,
 Collecting vegetables in these parts,
 By all the skill of *Apollinian* Arts,
 If possible't had been, fate to neglect him,
 By heavenlie skill immortall for to make him.

But sith that *Phæbus* could not stemme the bloud
 Of *Hyacinthus* in his sowning moud,
 How then should I? a mortall! ah too shallow!
 In wit and art presse to outreach *Apollo*?
 Far be the thought, I therefore must absent me,
 And never more unto the World present me,
 But solitarie with my *Gabions* stay,
 And help them for to mourne till dying day.

Then

Then farewell *Cabine*, farewell *Gabions* all,
Then must I meet in heaven with Master *Gall*:
And till that time I will set foorth his praise
In Elegies of wo, and mourning layes,
And weeping for his sake still will I cry,
Gall, sweetest *Gall*, what ailed thee to die?

FINIS.

